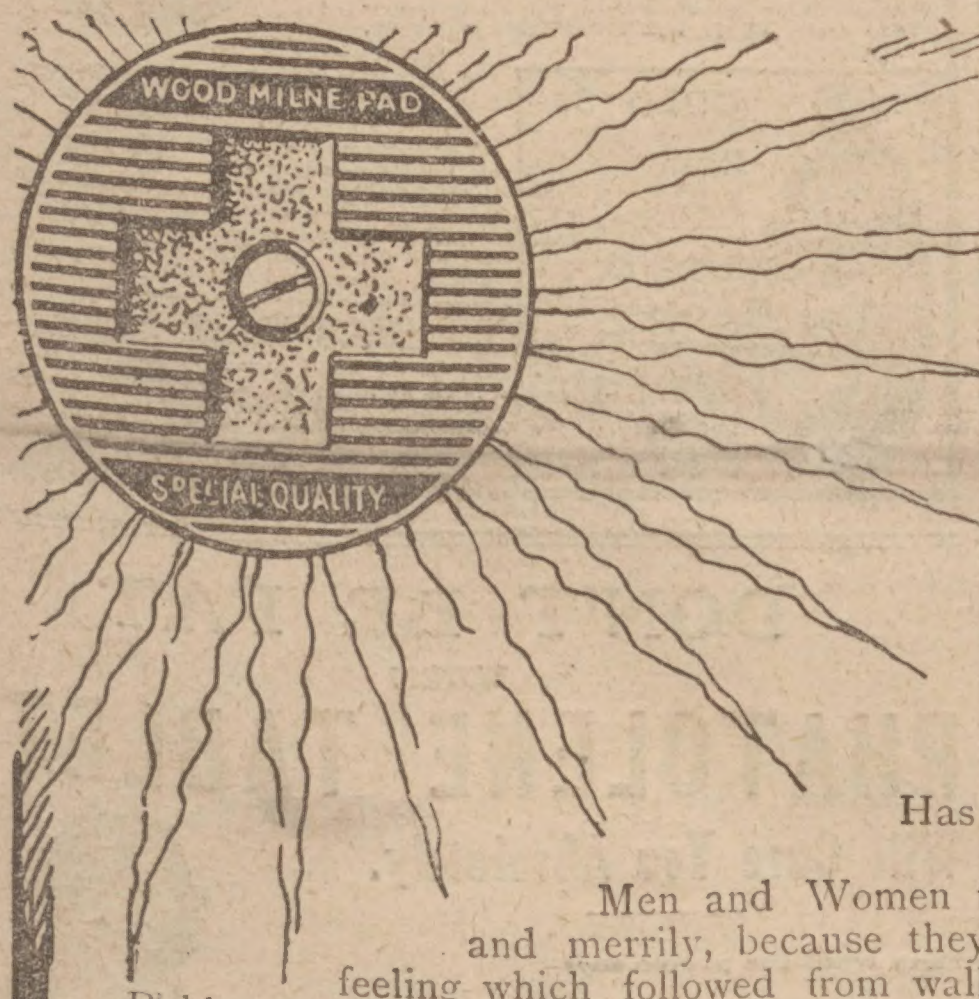
FRESH

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 63. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.



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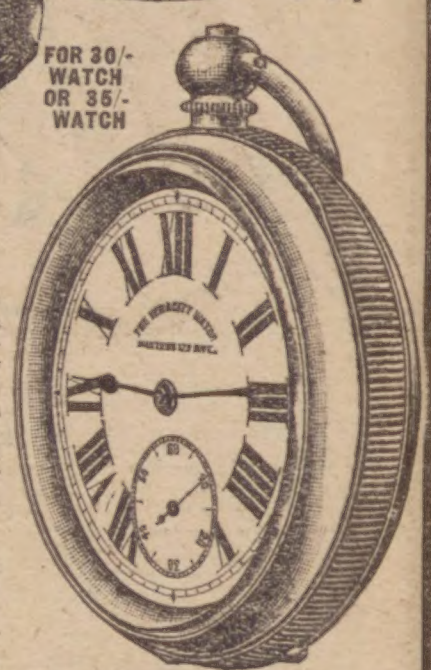

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School House, Burton Fleming, Hunmanby, Yorks. 20th Dec., 1909.

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The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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MEN AND THE BOY SCOUTS.

A MATTER FOR CONSIDERATION.

The organisation known as the Boy Scouts, and founded by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, has been so successful in attracting to its ranks the best of our youngsters that the institution may now be considered one of national importance.

For that very reason it is imperative that the greatest care should be taken in selecting the men into whose charge the boys are given.

Why the Boy Scouts have ousted the older boys' brigades, whether it is due to the uniform, or to the semi-romantic theatricality that flavours their manœuvres—these are points that we need not here investigate. Whatever may be the reason, there can be no doubt as to the result; almost every youngster with a bit of spirit in him has become a Boy Scout.

The movement has great possibilities in the way of training up future defenders for our country and of instilling into the boys a liking for Nature and the open air.

Naturally the force needs officers, and these can scarcely be boys also, for their orders would not be obeyed. The officers or "Scout masters," as I believe they are called, must be men, and I respectfully beg to draw the attention of those in authority to the fact that they should be men of the very best kind.

Why does a man become a "Scout master"?

An obvious answer is that he is keen on military work in his spare time. If this be so, why does he not join the Territorials, where he would enjoy training of a less juvenile kind, and where he would also associate not with boys but with men of his own age? Companionship is a capital thing, but the average man prefers the companionship of men as old as himself to that of youngsters.

It may be said that those who have become "Scout masters" wou'd have been Territorials if they had had the necessary time for drills. But surely the time they expend in training the Boy Scouts would suffice them for attaining Territorial efficiency.

Some of the "Scout masters" have been refused admission to the Territorial ranks owing to some defect, such as eyesight. Instead of repining about it, they have actively set to work to do what they can to train future citizen soldiers. All honour to them! These are the type of men wanted in a movement of this description. But have *all* "Scout masters" been refused admission to the Territorial Force? Have they *all* tried to obtain such admission?

Perhaps men become "Scout masters" because they love the open air and delight in the semi-sporting nature of their Saturday afternoon excursions. But the average "Scout master" does not strike you as a very athletic or sporting person.

It is impossible for the authorities to be too careful as to the men into whose care they surrender the training of the morals and characters of these boys, and the matter is one which must have their immediate and serious attention.

E. G. PARRY.

CHEEK.

Mr. A. Gorham, the well-known racehorse owner, possesses a filly called Porridge. It is rumoured in sporting circles that she will cause a great stir.

* * *

Flirtation, says Mr. E. A. Griffin, is the best game for two that has ever been invented. But, beware! like billiards, there are a lot of hazards in it.

* * *

"Do Our Marriage Laws Want Altering?" inquires a popular weekly. Some present-day playwrights and novelists seem to think they want abolishing.

* * *

Referring to a volume of professional "gags," Mr. Seymour Hicks observes: "Your portfolio of fun is perfectly excellent." To have excelled imperfectly would not have been nearly so good.

* * *

The score of "Alice in Wonderland" at the Court Theatre contains a little entr'acte composed by Miss Marjorie Slaughter. We would imagine it to have been well executed.

* * *

COOKERY NOTES.

[We gather from "Answers" that "In the brain of the sub., ere he doffs his coat, must simmer a synopsis of the day's news."]

Recipe:

Take a little railway smash, then a "Marathon";
Take a German war alarm; simmer till they're done.
Knead into a heavy paste the latest Party lie;
Add some blue-lead relish, and you've got your Printer's pie.

* * *

Questioned by an enterprising weekly as to what she would do if she saw a ghost, Miss Zena Dare says she would hand him the keys of the wine cellar and tell him to help himself. But wouldn't she be afraid that afterwards "the ghost might not walk"?

* * *

After his defeat by Gardiner at the Albert Hall, Dorando remarked to a Pressman, "My feet beat me, not Gardiner." Stop-press.—Result: "Gardiner won by two feet—Dorando's!"

* * *

But how about Gardiner's feet, anyway? Dorando's remark seems to savour somewhat of foot-le!

* * *

Miss Christabel Pankhurst says that it is only when woman's weapon, argument, is taken away that she begins to adopt a man's method of stone-throwing. But the worst of it is that she can't throw "straight."

* * *

Says a lady writer on fashion: "All frocks of the moment have the great redeeming characteristic of simplicity." Can this be the result of the prevailing craze for Salome and Vampire dances?

J. S. COX.

STIMULANTS.

A BIT OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A stimulant is something that bucks you up and makes you work better. Every man requires some sort of stimulant, and those who say otherwise are making an assertion that is not backed by a knowledge of life.

The stimulants most commonly used, perhaps, are intoxicating liquors of different kinds, but this form of stimulant is a very dangerous and unreliable sheet-anchor.

Liquor has been likened to the application of a spur to a tired horse, for it infuses a temporary energy without adding to the actual reserve of strength, but it is often this accession of temporary energy that carries a man over a difficulty; hence its usefulness.

Hence, also, its danger, for a man, finding his work go easier with a glass of beer, may be tempted to try the experiment so frequently that in time he degenerates into a toper, losing not only his business acumen and power, but also his own self-respect.

Liquor of the intoxicating variety is a species of drug or poison, just as strychnine is. In a moderate quantity, and to a system which is unaccustomed to it, it will act as a tonic, but to those who have accustomed themselves to the habitual use of liquor a glass of beer ceases to be a stimulant and becomes a necessity, and all its usefulness vanishes.

Liquor and tobacco are physical stimulants, but there are also stimulants of another kind—those of the mental variety.

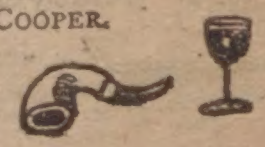
Possibly the greatest incentive that a man can have is the love of a woman. If he has been fortunate enough to win that, the thought of it comes to him when he is tired, and it infuses new life into him.

A great leader can rouse men to fresh efforts even after they are physically exhausted. The very life in him finds a responsive note in those he calls upon. So it is with love. A man who is working with the definite object of marrying the girl he wants has a spur at his flanks which urges him on and yet does not hurt.

The love of women may rightly be called the motive power of masculine life, but it is not the only one. There are men who have not yet met the one and only woman for them, and who are nevertheless capable of concentrating their energies upon their business after the usual hours, and without feeling the need of a physical stimulant. These men have a secret in their heart which they are nurturing and working for. Often it is a dream woman, an ideal which is to become one day a possession. Sometimes it is a simple thing that they are working and saving for, such as a motor-bicycle or a horse, but in all these men who are capable of drawing upon their reserve of energy there is some such motive force.

Such a mental stimulant is twenty times better than beer or tobacco or anything else, for its action is constant and it has no bad after-effects.

DAVID COOPER.



SKATING ON THE ICE

SOME HINTS FOR THE NOVICE.

Skating is one of our finest winter sports, and as the opportunities for ice skating are few and far between, it is best to make the most of them when they do come. Skating is rather a difficult sport to learn, but as soon as you have once "found your legs" it will be found quite easy. As in most things, practice makes perfect, and it is only by continual practice on the ice that the skater becomes proficient.

The few preliminary obstacles may be partially overcome by skating in the summer with roller-skates. As in both sports, a similar attitude has to be maintained, and the management of the one is conducted on much the same lines as the other; the roller-skate provides a very suitable introduction to the much finer art of skating on ice. The obvious advantage is that you can obtain practice in all weathers throughout the year. The pace of roller-skating is somewhat different to that of ice skating, but if you have learned to maintain your balance with roller-skates it will help you to do as much with the others.

CHOOSING YOUR SKATES.

For a beginner on the ice the choice of skates is a matter of great weight and importance. Many different kinds of skates are sold, but it is not a bad plan to get a friend to lend you a pair of old-fashioned wooden ones to start with. A nervous man will feel much more at home on a pair of old skates than on a pair which are new and keen.

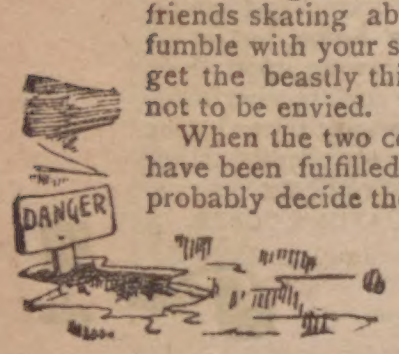
Many people think that a bad style will be adopted simply because the beginner is learning on a pair of old-fashioned skates, but when the beginner comes to buy a pair of up-to-date skates and to try them on the ice, it will be found that every little bit of experience gained from the old skates will be of great value. A would-be skater can think himself lucky if he has a chum who is a good skater, because he will be able to help him a great deal in teaching him the correct way to use his feet.

TWO IMPORTANT POINTS.

When buying a pair of skates there are two essential qualities which should be insisted on. First and foremost the skate should be secure. There should be no doubt that its fastenings will hold firmly and strongly under any ordinary wear and tear.

Secondly, you will find it of great advantage to have a skate which may be easily put on and quickly taken off. To have to sit on the bank surrounding a sheet of ice-covered water with your friends skating about on it while you fiddle and fumble with your skates in an angry endeavour to get the beastly things on right is an experience not to be envied.

When the two conditions I have just mentioned have been fulfilled, the extent of your purse will probably decide the quality, but you will generally find that the cheapest are the best in the long run. The correct thing is to get the best you can procure, but should your purse fail to let you get the absolute best on the market, then it rests with you to make up in skill what is lacking in the appliance.



In skating, the first moment is the most critical, and many a severe fall will be experienced in your early attempts. Someone once said that the art of riding to hounds consists of the knack of falling easily. Much the same thing may be said of ice-skating. If you are afraid of a fall, a great point is to ensure that it will not be a bad one.

HOW TO FALL.

A severe fall is generally backwards, when a bad injury may be sustained by your head or your spine coming into hard contact with the ice. A forward fall hardly ever does any damage, because you instinctively break it by putting out your hands. So you will see that the best policy is to always keep your body slightly inclined forward. If you could maintain that attitude, it would be impossible for the back part of your body to come into contact with the ice.

When you first attempt to skate, you will find that your feet rebel against your command and develop an uncomfortable tendency to wander round at their own sweet will. First one foot slips, and you make frantic efforts to regain it, and while you are doing so off goes the other, and if you are at all nervous or lose your head you will find yourself sitting on the ice.

But at every attempt you find that you obtain additional command over your feet, and with a little practice they soon come under control if, while your body is leaning forward, you turn out your toes and keep your ankles stiff. And you will soon be able to skate fairly well. The finger-post to progress and efficiency is confidence. With plenty of confidence you will become quite expert in the art, but with confidence there should be plenty of practice.

THE USELESS STICK.

Some beginners use a stick to save them from a fall when learning to skate, but you will find that a walking-stick is of no use whatever.

The quickest way for a man to learn is to get a chum on each side of him, and if they can skate they will soon show him how to use his feet as they do theirs. A single companion is, as I have already said, a great help, but if you can get a couple you won't have much difficulty in mastering the fine art of ice-skating.

When you have overcome the first difficulties of skating, and can go along naturally and well, you have still a few minor things to learn. First, you must learn how to stop. The correct way, if the heel ends of your skates are not rounded, is to press down the heels, keep the feet parallel with one another and the body well thrown forward.

At the beginning you are almost certain to use one foot more than another. Try and make each foot do exactly the same amount of work as the other, and above all keep your ankles stiff, see that the toes are well turned out, and that you use the edge of the blades and do not turn them over on to the flat.

H. WOLFE-BRADLEY.

THE EASIEST WAY.

You want various sporting appliances, and you don't want to pay too much for them. Some other reader has just the thing you want, and he is ready to sell it to you cheaply.

Get into touch with him by inserting a small advertisement (which need not cost you more than a shilling) on our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page, a page which we specially reserve for your use.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

THIRD LESSON.

As I have already suggested, there are two chief ways of getting a hit on to your adversary.

One is to wait for him to lead off and then to guard yourself and counter sharply; the other is to catch him at a moment when he is not using the requisite amount of care, for when he is negligent he affords you an opportunity of getting on a hit even although he is not leaving himself unguarded by attacking you.

In all boxing you must remember this fact, and try to win either by countering smartly when he gives you an opening by leading at you, or else by getting one on to him when he is careless.

V.—Forcing an opening.

In the fifth hit, which I am about to describe, I am going to show you how to get on a hit even although your adversary is neither leading at you nor standing carelessly.

In the fourth hit he was holding his left too high, and thus allowed you to get on the body blow which I described. In the fifth hit, however, his left is in the proper position. What you have to do is to spar about, keeping your hands in constant motion, so that he has no idea what you are going to do next; then suddenly slip your left forearm beneath his left forearm and lift his arm upwards. This enables you to get on a right-hand body blow.

Here, as with the last body blow, keep your back knuckles uppermost, so that, if you were fighting with your naked fists, it would be your front knuckles that would hit him. The place where you catch him is exactly on the belt, half way between the centre and the left side.

In the sixth hit we have the first example of ducking. When he leads off at you with his left, step sharply towards him and slightly to your own left, so that his glove, instead of hitting your face, brushes past your ear and over your right shoulder. As you step in, deliver a right-hand body blow.

VI.—Ducking.

I should say that ducking is one of the most difficult things in all boxing, and certainly it is one of the points on which my pupils are most clumsy.

Most pupils make the mistake when ducking of bobbing their heads down as if they wanted to butt their adversary. This is a great error, for as soon as you take your eyes away from his face you have no means of knowing what he is going to do next.

In ducking, keep your eyes on his all the time. In a word, do not duck blindly. You see his glove coming towards you, and there is an instinct to bob down too far, but in ducking properly you scarcely lower the body at all. The chief motion is to the side. You do not want his glove to pass over your head, but simply over your shoulder.

When you are bringing off the body blow, you should draw your body sharply up to attention at the same time, for this straightening of the back gives a greater force to the blow.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Primitive Lover

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Twilight had deepened to darkness, but he had not troubled to light the gas.

A mood of depression was on him, caused, perhaps, by the whipping of rain on the window and the loud moaning of the wind.

He was in his armchair, as usual alone, his eyes fixed on the fire.

Seen by the fitful light, with shadow and glow chasing each other from his face intermittently, he looked tired, lifeless, spent.

It was one of those times when a man allows the combat of his soul and body to appear in his face.

The eyes were finely shaped and the brow lofty, indicative of a capacity for finely shaped thought; the nose was prominent, with the chiselled nostrils of the intellectual; the curve of the jaw was almost carnal in its development, and the mouth was compressed, with downward lines of misery at either side.

It was essentially a countenance of contrasting strengths, one half strongly spiritual, the other half pronouncedly animal.

He could have been a poet, except for his jaw; and a criminal, except for his brow. His keen nostrils would have made him a leader of men, but the disillusioned mouth proved that, for him, it was not worth while. He was that anomaly, weak because of the dead-even balancing of his forces. Impulse in one direction was restrained by an exactly opposing impulse in another.

So it was that this night he was a man of no achievement. As an individual he was Henry Norton, bachelor, gentleman, essayist, critic. As a personality, he was—nothing.

He could pass judgment upon the creative work of other men, and he had gained some reputation for originality by that old trick of inverting established beliefs—such as affirming that "by all the laws of beauty a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand"—but he brought forth from his own self nothing, and the only amusement he derived from his notoriety was in the easiness whereby he got it. He had the wisdom which informs that a thing is worthless unless it is bought by pain, and endurance, and sacrifice.

"A living negation!" he said aloud, coming to the end of a long reflection about himself.

* * * * * * *

A little while later he lit the gas and began a review of a volume of poems by a man who at least had striven to do something, even if he had failed in the endeavour; and for an hour or more he wrote steadily.

Then he returned to his armchair and another spell of gloomy introspection. He had lowered the blinds and drawn the curtains across the window, but the beat of the rain against the panes could still be heard, and the wind moaned and sighed like distant souls in purgatory.

And presently he heard voices as well, and footsteps outside the door.

The door was opened. Richards, the housemaid, said, "That's his room, miss," and Henry Norton looked up in annoyance at being disturbed.

A well-dressed young lady, in walking costume and hat, stood in the doorway. There was no smile on her face; only a grave composure, which did not change as Henry Norton rose slowly to his feet with a vast and speechless astonishment in his face.

The servant closed the door quietly behind the visitor and went away.

"You!" said Henry Norton, and his fists gradually closed.

"Yes; I've come," she said.

"You. You," he said again, through dry lips. "Oh, my God!"

"Yes; I've come. Aren't you glad to see me?"

He made a gigantic effort at control.

She remained by the door, making no motion to advance, and the gravity of her expression was the gravity of a child who is face to face with a difficulty.

"What do you want?" he said at length, in a hard voice.

"I want you to leave me alone," she said simply.

"Leave you alone! I?" He made a gesture of bewilderment. "What can you mean! For three years I haven't set eyes on you."

"You haunt me with your thoughts," she said sadly, "and it makes me so unhappy I can't bear it any longer."

Norton stared, and there was no comprehension in his eyes. Then, as she walked wearily to the table and laid her gloves on it, whatever emotion it was that her appearance had stirred in him gave way temporarily to the instinct of hospitality.

"You're tired," he said. "You had better sit down." He wheeled a chair round to the fire. "Did you get wet coming?"

"No. I came in a cab."

She took the chair, and sat with her wrists on her knees, her hands clasped, gazing straight up at him. He saw there were shadows under her eyes. The rigidity of his features became almost repellent as he returned the gaze.

"They don't know at home that I've come," she added, "and I must go back as soon as I can."

"You realise the indiscretion, then, of visiting me alone in my rooms?"

"It wasn't a reason that anybody could understand but you. They would have tried to dissuade me, or mother would have wanted to come as well, and I couldn't tell you with anyone else present."

He continued to watch her intently, bringing to bear all he had ever learned of women in the attempt to read that grave face, those clear, trustful brown eyes, the meaning and motive of her visit. And he gave it up.

"I am afraid I no more understand than they do," he said at length.

"You are still in love with me," she answered, "and you won't let me be free."

Another spasm of emotion twisted his face, and he sat down quickly to hide it.

Singular was the calm with which she made her statements, and singular the patience with which she waited for his replies.

"May I smoke?" he said, huskily. "I—I don't quite know what to make of this."

He looked about blindly for the cigarette-box and got up shakily to get it. Anything was better than to meet those candid, truth-discerning eyes.

"If I still love you," he said, bending to the fire to light a spill, "as you say I do, should I have kept out of your way these three years?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

He wheeled to discharge the query at her.

"Because you can't ever *do* anything. You can only think it."

"Then that was why you broke off the engagement?"

"A woman must marry," she said, gravely calm. "It doesn't matter about a man."

"But, great heavens, girl!" he exclaimed. "What do you think I got engaged to you for except to marry you?"

"You only wanted to prevent anybody else from having me. You didn't want me yourself. If you had married me then it would simply have been to make more sure. It was when I found that out that I gave you up. We should both have been unhappy."

"If *you* had loved *me*," he said with honest temper, "we should have been happy enough. You didn't, and that was all the trouble. You consented to the engagement because I bullied you into it, and after that, though I made myself a slave for you, you never stirred from your frozen fixity of propriety. Your kisses were dutiful; the look in your eyes when I kissed you as a woman ought to be kissed made me feel a beast. Yet, do you know what I should have done to you if I had had my way?"

He took a step towards her and spoke brutally.

"I should have thrashed you. You, one of the daintiest-and-most-carefully-brought-up-and-guarded young women in London, I should have boxed your ears till they tingled—and you would have deserved it."

"Why didn't you?" she asked, and her eyes were shining.

He gave a bitter exclamation, and turned away.

"Why?" she persisted.

"Because of these cursed civilised laws which make it degrading for a man to strike a woman."

"But you believe it might do her good?"

"If she deserved it."

He was looking at her again. Strangely enough, the same impulse to be cruel to her was dominating him again—and a counter-impulse of refinement made his sensations turbulent.

"Did I deserve it?"

"A hundred times, yes! You created a man's love in me, and remained a child yourself. You were right. I didn't want to marry you. What did I want with marrying a child? If you couldn't be a woman I could do without you, and I told you so, and that was the end of it."

"Perhaps I would have been a woman if you had let me," she said, and the admission brought him up to her like steel to magnet.

Her grave eyes met his fierce ones unflinchingly.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded through shut teeth.

There was an instant's pause. Then he bent suddenly, and as suddenly she raised her hands and stopped him from kissing her.

"Bah!" he said, and stood upright. "You're just the same."

The tiniest smile touched her lips and was gone. He could not tell its meaning, but it increased his exasperation.

"The way I used to dote on you," he declared savagely, "makes me writhe every time I think of it."

"And it does me," she said.

"Then why come here and—and torture me?" he cried passionately.

"Because I hoped you might be different."

"Different. It's finished. It finished the day you had the miserable propriety to return those presents. Do you know what I did with them? Smashed the lot, and ground my heel into them, and cursed propriety. Your coming here to-night is the first improper thing I've ever known you to do," he added, with a sarcastic laugh.

"Perhaps, after all, I am different, then."

He looked, and again he stepped up close to her.

"Do you love me?" he demanded.

"No," she lied, as every woman has a right to lie.

"Then how are you different?"

She didn't reply, and another tiny smile appeared as her hands went up to her neck and began to pull at a fine gold chain that was there. From

inside her dress a locket came out, and she unfastened the chain, and handed both chain and locket to him.

"I forgot to return that with the other presents," she said. "You had better serve that the same."

He opened it, to look upon his own photograph.

"How long have you been wearing this?" he asked.

She was silent, but there was a taunt in the depths of the grave brown eyes.

"Answer me!"

He put his hand under her chin and tilted her face upwards.

She shook her head.

Her face was but an inch or two from his, and at the tantalising smile he deliberately cuffed her.

"Answer me!" he commanded. "Have you worn it for three years?"

"Loose me!" she cried, and her face flamed.

"Not I." He held her chin firmly. "I've never been brute enough with you. It's because of that I've never done anything. Let me once master you and I'll master all. Keep still, I'm going to kiss you."

She kept still, and he kissed her passive lips.

Because they were passive he cuffed her again. She wrenched her head away, and bent it back, the spirit of rebellion blazing in her eyes.

For a breathless interval Henry Norton looked into them, then he gave a low laugh, and dragged her to him roughly by one arm.

Instead of a living negation he had become a positive brute—which was the only way to make a woman of her.

A USEFUL HINT TO REMEMBER.

Horsey men will not need to be given the advice contained in the following paragraph, but it will doubtless be useful to those readers who are not much acquainted with man's equine companion.

Suppose you are passing by the entrance to a mews or a stable yard, and you have to go close to a horse whose rolling eye and drawn-back ears betoken a nasty fit of temper, you are running a risk of either a vicious bite or a lash-out from his powerful hind legs.

Well, here is the tip. When you are passing him always go as close as possible to his hindquarters. Brush his tail, in fact. Then you are certain to receive no injury of any consequence. The idea of this will be obvious after a little thought. The closer you are to his rump the less swing and force he can put into his kick. But if you are, say, two or three feet away from him he will have ample freedom to bring his hoof well back, and give you a vicious blow in the ribs or chest which might possibly maim you for life.

But, of course, if you are not absolutely forced to pass close to the vicious gee, give him as wide a berth as possible.

HOW TO "TIP" A BILLIARD CUE.

First of all file the top of the cue so that it is absolutely level. Then take the tip in your hand and place it gently in position on the cue. You may possibly see light between the tip and the cue, and if so the irregularity will not be with the cue, for you have filed it, but with the tip. So pass the file gently over the tip until it will rest perfectly flat on the cue.

The next step is to stick it down.

At one time a kind of cement was commonly used for this purpose, but nowadays experts are of opinion that the best results are obtained with "white wafers," which are composed of some glutinous substance.

Put one of these wafers into boiling water, and when it is soluble, place it gently, with the aid of a pocket-knife, on the top of the cue. Place the tip on this, gently at first, but gradually press harder and harder until it adheres firmly.

Three hours at the least should be allowed for the tip to harden; and then if you have performed the operation properly you will find that it will last for several weeks, even in constant use.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

NARROW SHAVES

Sunday morning is not a morning of rest for Jarge Sandery. It is in the "front rume" of his habitation that all the young men of Kingshorton congregate.

You walk along the village street past the Queen's Head Inn (because it is closed until 12 30 p.m.), over the Kingshorton Hill, and down the back of it to Jarge Sandery's.

Then you open the wicket-gate, stroll leisurely down the little brick-paved garden path, and, without knocking, enter the house of Sandery.

If you arrive a minute past nine o' the clock you will see Jarge at work. "The line"—the speckless Mrs. Sandery will tell you that her big husband works "on the line"—demands Jarge for six days of the week. The beards of Kingshorton—ancient and modern—require him on the Seventh Day.

Therefore, when you enter the room you hear the musical sound of a razor traversing the bristly path from the ear-lobe to the chin of a "customer."

Jarge pauses as you enter and wipes the soapy blade on a sheet of the parish magazine.

You will always find Mr. Tunns, secretary of the Cottage Gardener's Society, "up at Jarge's." During the morning the landlord of the Queen's Head looks in to have his beard trimmed. The patricians of the patrons are Mr. Hoffer, owner of the Millbank Farm, and Worplesdon Senior, of the Lone Barn.

Sometimes the gamekeeper of Lord "Lenny's" woods comes when his own razor has failed to perform its duties satisfactorily. But he is eyed with disfavour. Alas, the youth of Kingshorton are poachers at heart, if not in practice!

I am always late, for I arrive after 10 a.m., which is "sheer dilly-dallying," as Jarge himself informs me.

I say "good morning" to the room generally.

"Marnin', sir," the company reply, civilly.

"Marnin'," grunts Jarge. Note the absence of the "Sir," and mark that Jarge knows well he has the monopoly of the capillary abbreviator's business in Kingshorton.

The room is very small and its occupants disproportionately large. By the time I arrive Jarge observes that he has not space "to swing the cat in." When I first heard this remark, I innocently asked why it was necessary to swing Mrs. Sandery's cat, which purred inoffensively on the speckless hearth.

Mr. Hoffer eyed me severely, and Worplesdon of the Lone Barn—forbidding of aspect—plainly showed that he considered my remark particularly flippant. The gamekeeper, accustomed, of course, to the ignorance of all apparent and alleged "gennelmen," informed me that it was merely a figure of speech indicating that the space was too narrow for Mr. Sandery to wield his razor with freedom, comfort, and effect.

Now, the Sunday shave is a serious thing to the village of Kingshorton. Besides, it is epoch-making and mark[s] the Seven Ages o[f] Man.

Perchance, a customer of stubborn beard rubs [a] critical hand over his face and says:

"You ha' left a bit there, Jarge."

Jarge regards him with pained surprise, almos[t] pathetic in its resignation.

"You'm a young 'un yet," he observes as he once more obscures his customer's cheek with a ferocious dab of the creamy lather-brush, "and it ain't so long ago as you hadn't a bit to leave. *Then* you was shaved every two Sundays . . . or was it only once in three weeks?"

"Every *two* Sundays," says the customer, now crushed into submission.

"Don't talk, or I shall be cuttin' of you, William. There! I 'opes as *that'll* suit your R'yal 'Ighness! Give us y'r penny. Thank ye. Next man—an doan't keep me waitin' here any of you whose turn it is. Come on, Harra', you're oldest, I reckon, by ten year. Old 'uns afore young 'uns in case of dispute, *I* say!"

"I an't older than John by ten year," says Harry in injured tones, as he rests the back of his head upon the upper bar of the operating chair.

"You air!" says John, maliciously. "You says you can mind the Battle o' Inkerman. Well, I weren't born then, nor thought on!"

"*But*, yer fule——" Harry begins.

His remarks are cut short by much "spuffling," as the operator favours him with a taste of the soap served on the shaving-brush.

"Ye did that a parpose, Jarge," exclaims the victim, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

"Nothin' of the sort!" says Jarge. "I ain't got elber room 'ere with John's great feet in the way. Get 'em out the road, John!"

(Immediate and complete triumph of Harry, who proceeds to enlarge metaphorically and literally upon the whiskered John's feet. . . .)

"Dang it, man, you ha' cut me chin."

(Guffaw from John.)

"Cut ye? Why, man, it's only a graze. Bother me if you two old fellers hain't got more jaw nor a sheep's head! I'm thinkin' that you'd better take your custom elsewhere—both on ye!"

"Naow, naow! Tha's all right, Jarge,

"It's only a-chaffin' each other we were."

Thus the public submits to all-powerful monopoly.

"Less talk," says Jarge. "Come on, John."

Farmer Hoffer observes to the gentleman of the Lone Barn that this time last year he had got most of his mangold wurzel "off."

"Which is more," observes Tom Wane, his head man, to me, "than he can sa'ay o' those darters o' hissen. Fair vixens they are. Not a man in the countryside is good enough for the madams. Hoffer wants Dukes for 'em, he do."

Worplesdon, sen., smiles very broadly. Happily, Farmer Hoffer is "hard o' hearin'."

"What was that you was sayin' about Dukes?" he remarks, ominously.

"Next man," Jarge interposes. There is an uneasy stir in the corner, and an audible titter goes round the room, in which Farmer Hoffer joins, forgetting the matter of the Dukes.

"Go on, Phillup, boy," says Hoffer's head man, encouragingly, as a tall and very broad young man rises, blushing like a maid at her first kiss in public. "I felt same as you when I was first shaved. It's comin' into man's estate, you are, and it doan't du to be bashful about it."

There is no need for Jarge to take so much pains over stropping the razor afresh, nor to be so particular over the rubbing in of the lather upon the soft down. The "swishing" noise he makes with his mouth as he goes over the pink face is the essence of sarcasm and a very old jest indeed.

Solemnly he shaves Philip's face twice, while the youth suffers the agonies of extreme self-conscious discomfort. But he rises bravely when the operation is finished, and hands Jarge a penny.

"A'most a shame to take full pay," says Jarge, "But your young 'ooman 'll not have a rough face agin her'n in the Lover's Lane to-night."

And then my turn comes . . . . alas! *my* first shave is but a memory of the long ago now.

SIDNEY NORTH.

JUDGING DISTANCE.

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

One of the greatest lessons of the Boer War was the paramount importance of effective rifle shooting in modern warfare, and since that lesson was so forcibly driven home, every Briton who has a spark of patriotism in him has done his best to make himself a force to be reckoned with when once a rifle is put into his hands.

But the mere ability to hold a rifle and aim straight is not everything, and until some ammunition is invented that will give an even higher muzzle velocity than the 2,000 feet per second of that now issued, the estimating of ranges must play a very important part in the accuracy of rifle-fire.

And in these days of independent fighting, when almost every engagement is, like Inkerman, a soldier's battle, the judging of ranges cannot be left to the officer, or even to the N.C.O., but every man in the ranks must be capable of estimating more or less accurately the distance by which he is separated in a direct line from any given object, and that cannot be learnt on the rifle-range.

RANGE-FINDERS.

Where a defensive position is being held, it may be possible to pace out or measure the range of various objects by means of the mekometer, which is a strange-looking instrument of which the two halves are connected by some fifty feet of string, and are held by two people before their eyes in such a way that the cord is stretched tight and each person sees the object through the instrument.

It is obvious, however, that so complicated an instrument can be of little use in the field, and though there are various other patterns of range-finder, none are really suitable for use under fire.

In most cases, therefore, the distance must be judged by eye, and only experience and practice can teach a man how to do this accurately.

Whenever you have a means of checking your estimate and measuring the distance accurately, take some distant object and guess at the number of yards that lie between you and it. If you are on a high road, the milestones or the telegraph poles (which are usually sixty feet apart) will afford an easy means of arriving at the correct range and checking your guess, or a reliable cyclometer is useful if you are cycling, or a short distance can be actually paced out.

"FIXED SIGHTS."

It is distances over 500 yards, however, that it is most important for the soldier to be able to estimate, for the bullet of the modern service rifle, when sighted at 500 yards, or "fixed sight," does not at any point in its trajectory rise above the height of a man, so that if your enemy is within 500 yards of you, and you put your sight up to the top of the leaf and aim at his feet, you are bound to hit him somewhere—as far as elevation is concerned.

It will be necessary to practise judging distances when you are in all positions—both lying, sitting, kneeling, and standing—for the nearer to the ground your eye is, the more liable are you to over-estimate the distance.

There are various conditions also of light, atmosphere, and surroundings which have the effect of making distances seem greater or smaller than they really are.

CONDITIONS THAT DECEIVE.

Let us take first those conditions which tend to make you under-estimate the range. An object appears nearer than it really is when it is in a bright light, or when the sun is behind the observer, or in a clear atmosphere, such as is found in mountainous localities. Or, again, you are liable to under-estimate the range when the object is of a different colour from the background—a white horse, for instance, against a copse—or when you are looking over water, level ground, or

snow; or, again, when the object is large, or above or below you.

On the other hand, you will in all probability judge the distance to be greater than it is when kneeling or lying, when the light is bad or the atmosphere misty, when the object is in the shade or of the same colour as the background, when it is only partially seen or when heat is rising from the ground, when you are looking over a valley, or undulating or broken ground, or down an avenue, long street, or ravine.

All these things must be remembered and allowed for when estimating a range. The light and atmosphere also have certain effects on the accuracy of rifle-fire, even when the correct range is given and sighted for, but with these I am not concerned here.

TAKE A UNIT.

It is advisable at the beginning to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the appearance of some short distance, which you can pace out or otherwise measure—something between 50 and 300 yards—and then to use this as a unit by which you can build up your estimate of longer distances.

It may even be possible to pace out 50 or 100 yards on the spot, and to see what fraction that appears of the distance in question.

Endeavour to make yourself familiar also with the appearance of men in various positions both singly and in bodies at various distances, and also of horses, wagons, guns, houses, and so on.

At 2,000 yards infantry appear as a black line, cavalry look like the edge of a saw, and a mounted man is a mere dot.

A man with good sight can see guns, or fair-sized bodies of cavalry or infantry, at 1,500 yards, and at 600 yards he can count the number of files. He can see a church spire or tower up to 10 miles away, or a telegraph post at 1,500 yards.

A PRACTICAL HINT.

It is sometimes useful to know that sound travels about 380 yards per second, so that the distance of a gun or rifle from you can sometimes be gauged by the time that elapses between your seeing the flash and hearing the sound. Four beats of a normal pulse to 1,000 yards is a rough calculation, which, however, is apt to break down in action, as a man's pulse does not always remain quite normal when he is under fire.

An excellent means of telling roughly whether a man who is standing is within 300 yards of you, is to take the bolt out of your rifle and look at him through the barrel. If the whole of his body appears within the circle of light at the muzzle, he is more than 300 yards away. At 300 yards he will exactly fill the diameter of the bore. At about 550 yards he fills one half of the diameter, and at 800 yards he fills one third.

It is only in a very good light, however, that it is possible to see a dismounted man through a rifle barrel at more than 550 yards.

A. H. MAUDE.

ATHLETES IN SCULPTURE.

WHAT ART AND THE SPORTSMAN OWE TO EACH OTHER.

There is none of the arts which owes so much to athletics as sculpture, and similarly there is none which can so inspire the athlete or set before him so vividly a physical ideal.

The figure of a man in the round, with every muscle just as it appears in the human body, seems far less unreal, even though it be in cold stone, than the flat photograph or even the coloured painting.

It was the great athletic festivals that had the greatest influence on the growth of Greek sculpture, and the sculptors of ancient Greece have never been excelled. The great games provided both the opportunities and the object for the sculptor.

Every Greek town had its open space where the athletic sports of those days were practised—running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus and the javelin—and here it was possible to see the nude human body in every variety of action and repose, without having to pose a model.

For the young men of Greece, whose climate was slightly different from our own, used to take their exercise with no other covering on their bodies than a copious anointing of oil.

Moreover, the honours paid to the winner in the great national contests were so great as to put him almost on a level with the gods and to make him indeed a worthy subject for the artist.

A statue to every victor was dedicated at Olympia, but only those who had won three times were given the honour of a recognisable portrait. In the other cases it was just an idealised athlete or a type that was represented in the statue.

The Greek sculptor always had the ideal before him, and if the sculptor owes much to athletics, the athlete owes much to sculpture, for he has an ideal set before him that he can always aim at but never quite attain.

There are anthropologists who hold that the Greek sculptors—especially those of the athletic schools of Argos and Sicyon—portrayed the heads of Europeans on the bodies of negroes in order to approach the nearer to perfection in the human form.

Whether there is any truth in this theory or not, there is no doubt of the perfection to which they attained.

Every muscle is reproduced as though the statue were alive, and extreme naturalness as well as symmetry of form is the characteristic of the golden age of Greek sculpture, until their knowledge of anatomy began to run away with the artists, and statues resulted like the "Fighter" of Agasias, in which every muscle is so much exaggerated that he looks as if he had been skinned.

Works like the Discobolus of Myron, the Apoxyomenos, or athlete scraping himself, of Lysippus, and the spear-bearer of Polycleitus, and others of which sketches have appeared at the head of the Physical Culture page in past issues of THE MODERN MAN, have never been surpassed before or since.

After the decline of Greek art the sculpture of the athlete has had comparatively few great exponents, and such works as the "David" of Michaelangelo have been few and far between.

It is only in our own times that there has been something of a revival of athletic sculpture. Lord Leighton's "Athlete Struggling with a Python," Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Teucer," Watts's "Physical Energy," and various similar works by M. Rodin and other great living sculptors are evidences that the revival of interest in athletic sport which has characterised the last century has made its mark upon sculpture.

There is no better decoration for a man's room than photographs of some of the great statues, either of antiquity or of modern times, or, if possible, small casts or copies of those statues.

They are at once in good taste and a little out of the common, while they need not be in the least costly in themselves.

F. G. MITCHELL.

that in studied and baneful tones the writing went on to say that "men in the likeness of Jan Van Goorl and the heirs of his body for all time" should be apprised of the ruin wrought by the Vanderzee family, and should any son of that house rise to his forefathers' eminence upon the fruits of ill-gotten gains, the vengeance of Jan Van Goorl should surely fall on him by the hand of his descendants, "who," the parchment went on, "shall put such an one secretly to death and count the deed well done. This is the writing of Jan Van Goorl, sealed upon the first day of the year of sixteen hundred and ninety-eight."

I make the extracts, of course, intelligible to present-day ears. I was assisted to gauge its meaning by the learned Vanderzee, who pored anxiously over the document.

"Well, what do you make of that?" asked Vanderzee.

"Most interesting relic," I said. "It seems that your ancestors were as successful in Braverton as was your late father in Mincing Lane."

"Hardly a compliment," said Vanderzee, gloomily. "Now look at that portrait."

It was a coarse, though exquisitely portrayed, face with thick lips, great, tense expressioned eyes, and a double chin. There was a black stubbly moustache beneath the snub nose.

"Not the sort of chap I should care to meet on a dark evening," I commented.

"Well, I've seen him—or his ghost—at the back of the Assembly Room to-night!" Vanderzee exclaimed. "I tell you those eyes went through me. . . . See what old Van Goorl says there regarding his descendants, who are to be apprised of this family feud! They 'shall put such an one secretly to death and count the deed well done.'"

"Good Lord, man!" I laughed. "That's over two hundred years ago——"

Just then the Town Hall clock struck twelve.

"I must be going," I said. "Don't trouble. I can let myself out."

"No. I'm going to bolt that door and chain it, and close up the shutters in the dining-room, thank you! Among our people a family grievance is not forgotten, I tell you. Not forgotten!"

I left him, believing he would "sleep it off all right."

* * * * * * *

Vanderzee did not refer again to his ancestor or the Van Goorl apparition for several days. He was far too busy addressing small ward meetings and canvassing the electors.

There was the final Great Conservative Demonstration upon the eve of the election day, and Vanderzee braced himself up for the task before him, forgetting all else. I was in constant attendance upon him at his committee rooms in the interests of my journal. There were special editions to be got out, and far more latest intelligence than actually existed in the committee rooms, in point of fact.

The demonstration was remarkable for the miserably short speech of the candidate, Julius Vanderzee, who at the Assembly Hall, while working up to a peroration, abruptly dropped it, turned a ghastly white, and brought his oratory to a sudden wind-up, as unsatisfactory as it was inartistic.

He sat down for a moment. Then in the midst of the local Conservative leader's speech insisted on going to the back of the hall and shaking hands with everybody. It saved the situation from the public's point of view.

Shortly after he sent for me to come to him in the ante-room.

"You know what has happened to me?" he said. "You know, I've seen that Van Goorl face again. . . . Staring at me, man! Staring through me, I say! I meant to go for it. . . . Do you understand?" Vanderzee's eyes were blazing fire. "I meant to smash it into pulp—human or devil incarnate! But——"

Vanderzee buried his face in his hands.

"It's gone — gone!" Vanderzee rose and clenched his hands.

"Perhaps," I said, soothingly, "it really *is* overwork."

Vanderzee returned no answer to this observation.

"Anyhow," he said, "I'm not going into that house again. And I sleep at an hotel to-night!"

The next day Julius Vanderzee was elected Member of Parliament for the Braverton Division. He left for London immediately after.

I heard nothing from him until several weeks had passed, and I hoped and believed that he had forgotten all about the Van Goorl portrait and the document he had found therewith. Also I trusted that rest after the turmoil of the election had blotted the hallucination from his overworked brain.

But the letter I received from him proved the inaccuracy of my conclusions. Reading it, I could see this Vanderzee sitting with the Great Ones in the House of Commons, which has no cognisance of ghosts, yet hardly daring to look across to the opposite benches lest he should see that evil face regarding him.

"Here, in the House," he said, "I am not free. It is the same as in Braverton Town Hall. When I rise to speak in support of, or in opposition to, any grave matter that is being discussed, that Van Goorl face looks at me from beneath the opposite gallery, as if out of the venerable walls. I stammer out an inconclusive ending, and sit down, conscious that once again, with the case in point clearly in my mind, I have blundered, and that grievously.

"Soon my methods will become a byword, or the peg on which some member of the Government may hang his fragile jests. 'As tongue-tied as Vanderzee' is even now a saying among the junior members who never speak at all. . . . . Truly the curse of old Van Goorl is in some supernatural way falling on the descendant of the Julius Vanderzee who robbed him (I can quite believe it) of his home. Yet, once outside the door of the House, I am free, and, thank God, It does not yet disturb my rest. When it does . . . ." Vanderzee went on to hint vaguely at suicide.

Sadly sorrowing for my poor friend and his evident brain trouble, I remember that I went from the tea-table, at which I read his letter, to an inquest.

"Some old chap out of a back alley," said the coroner's henchman. "Funny old face he's got, too. My, you should see his eyes!"

Remember that to coroners' officers death is but a matter of business.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Why that's funny, too!" said the coroner's clerk. "They call him V. Angel here, but we find by some old papers it's Vangorl!"

Thereupon I followed the jury to inspect the body.

The face, though in repose, was the face of the portrait.

"Looks like a bloomin' old Dutchman," said one of the jurymen, irreverently.

"Descended from 'eiff, I've heard—last of his breed, too," said another, "and they *do* say as he could mesmerise people."

Which I quite believed.

Since that day Vanderzee has seen the face no more.

BROWN (at the club): "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

SMITH: "Not very."

SCENE: A Sunday-school. Discovered: A class of damsels, biting at their pencils, and a teacher, at her wits'-end to fill in the hour prescribed for her lesson.

An idea!

"Now, girls, I want you all to take pencil and paper and to write down the names of your favourite hymns."

A pause, interrupted by a piping voice:

"Please, teacher, are we to write the Christian or the surnames?"

SOMETHING FOR YOUR OWN ROOM.

Owing to the great demand for our art plate of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous picture, we have prepared another limited edition of it.

This picture has been associated with the fortunes of "The Modern Man" from the outset, and it is a dashing sporting study that is exactly what you want for your "den."

The size of these plates is 25½ inches by 19½ inches, and there is not a word of printed matter on them. They are eminently suitable for framing.

The price is 1/-, post free. The pictures will be sent out in cardboard tubes to prevent creasing.

All applications must be addressed to the Art Department, "The Modern Man" Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Morning

A WINTER PICTURE OF THE PLOUGHMAN AND HIS TEAM.

Not one sign of approaching day was to be seen about the farm. The moon cast sharp shadows in the yard, the dogs were silent, only now and again the striking of a horse's hoof upon the stable cobbles broke the stillness, and even this sound was half muffled by the plentiful bedding amidst which the ploughman's team spent the night, for it was bitter, and a keen frost found its way even into the barns and cattle sheds.

Night was in no hurry to depart, indeed its reign seemed everlasting.

Into the midst of this silence there broke from the direction of the high-road the measured heavy tramp of feet that must certainly have spent their whole time upon the land.

From somewhere across the fields, out of one of a handful of thatched and whitewashed cottages, the ploughman had come out to work, though the darkness and the chill seemed to indicate a speedy return to home and bed as the wiser course.

He was a long, lean countryman, whose features were clear cut, in whose eyes was the look of one accustomed to scan far horizons. He was making a good fight against the piercing morning air, now and again stopping to beat his breast, and to blow warm breath through his huge hands to help the blood to circulate.

Turning into one of the cart sheds, he reached up to the rafters and brought down a lantern, and with the aid of the light from a half-frozen stump of candle he made his way to the stable.

IN THE STABLE.

The warmer atmosphere was welcome, close though it was, and as he perched the lantern upon the sill of what was intended for a window, the horses turned with that attitude or appearance of mingled pleasure and indifference combined, and realised that their time for labour had returned.

He was accustomed to their ways and moods, and in his way he loved them well, though little indication of his affection could be found in the few brief and brusque words of command he uttered as he dealt out their breakfast.

Still the darkness hung about the farm. Sparrows, driven into the barn by the cold, began to stir and flutter round about the lantern.

In half an hour's time, when the contented munching at the mangers grew slack and intermittent, he peered out into the yard and across at the rambling old house, and by the lights in the upper windows, shining pale behind white and solemn blinds, he knew that at last other folks were astir; and when at length he led the horses out into the yard and bade them stand while he swung open the gate, he heard the drawing of bolts and the unfastening of shutters going on downstairs, as the early risers of the house prepared for the day's work.

GOING TO WORK.

The procession moved leisurely along the drive into more and more daylight as it rose towards the higher ground. A still and penetrating mist lay in flat sheets over the fields, and the rime-covered hedges stood out of it like long dark strips of land in a steamy sea.

It was no easy task to get the plough to work. Left as it had been the previous day at the end of a furrow, it had become fixed by the frost in the soil.

The ploughman laid hold of its handles with a firm grip, but the frost had glazed them with an icy covering and his fingers became numbed and slipped clumsily about. Only after much swinging of his arms and rubbing of fingers and blowing through them would they consent to do their work.

The sun had risen unobtrusively and with a pale and ineffectual light above the level of the hedges, and the ploughman began half consciously to realise that though early rising and winter ploughing had their drawbacks, there was nevertheless something attractive in being abroad upon the land even at this early hour.

Every clod of earth sparkled as the sunligh touched up its frosted edges. The hedges were masses of glittering gossamer, from which showers of moisture, and rime half-melted by the rising sun, scattered down with a dry rustle as the birds sought berries or whatever other food was available for breakfast.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

Hour by hour the day grew more glorious. Gulls, driven inland from the not far distant coast, mingled with the innumerable rooks that followed every furrow as the bright blade turned it over.

Sometimes the birds would sweep down almost at the ploughman's feet. The sun had by now dispersed the lost mists, and the ploughman began to feel the stronger current of his blood coursing through his knotted and well-knit frame.

Then he broke into a country song, and the scene was one to do the heart of any man a "power o' good," as he himself might have put it. The sun was as high as he would be this side of spring, the birds were circling round in mad haste to be fed, the horses bent to the collar and stepped along with pride and power, and the ploughman lifted his voice still louder and sang for very joy of life.

For an hour or two he had the world to himself. He was out of sight and sound of his own or his master's home, and the high-road was four fields away at its nearest point. Men in high country traps, with dairy stuff or poultry, catching a glimpse of the ploughman, thought his lonely toil would drive them mad in no time.

DINNER-TIME.

The sweat had gathered on his brow, and the chestnut hair lay in damp and shiny clusters, inclined to a gentle curl about his temples. At the end of a furrow he called a halt, and drew from his inner waistcoat of rough wool a massive watch with a great bland face and staring figures.

It was close upon midday—time for a rest and dinner. The straw basket lay in the hedge, and from it he drew a white napkin wrapped round thick bread and cheese, and a taste of bacon.

Choosing a sunny spot in the bank he sat down, within sight of his steaming team, and ate with appetite.

Even now in his sheltered spot the sun struck warm and generous, almost inclining him to doze. But this inclination was thrust aside as he rose at the sound of footsteps. Coming slowly along the hedge was a little fellow, a perfect miniature of the greater man, carrying a can of steaming tea, that only a few minutes previously had been simmering and bubbling on his cottage hearth.

Handing the can back to the youngster, and bidding him go quickly home again, the ploughman gripped his plough again, and went on contentedly up and down the lonely furrows, until the growing dusk should call him and his sturdy team back to the shelter of the farmstead.

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN

USEFUL JOBS HE CAN DO AT HOME.

An elementary knowledge of electricity nowadays forms part of the education of most men, and it is only a very elementary knowledge that is necessary in order to turn the wonders of electricity to practical account at home.

The average modern house, if fitted with bells at all, is fitted with electric ones, the battery being not far from the bell and indicator in the kitchen. Often when the bells cease working, the plumber or some equally important and expensive person is called in, when all that is necessary is the pouring of a little water into the jars of the battery.

This is almost invariably a "wet" one, composed of Leyden jars, of which the outer shell is filled with sal-ammoniac and water. The water naturally evaporates from time to time, and the sal-ammoniac crystallises, but the cells only need to be filled with water again to restore the electricity.

The electric bell is one of the easiest fittings to put up, if your house is not supplied with them. For a very few shillings you can obtain a complete set, including bell, battery, push, and about 25 yards of wire all ready connected, so that no electrical knowledge at all is necessary, and all you have to do is to hang up the bell and the bell-push where you want them, and to arrange the wire as inconspicuously as possible in between.

It is cheaper, however, as well as more interesting, to get the parts of the outfit separately and fix them up yourself. You will not need to know more of electricity than that each terminal of the battery, the bell-coil, and the bell-push must be connected by means of the double wire, so that the circuit is only completed when the push is driven home.

The same fittings exactly will provide you with a temporary electric light installation, if a lamp and holder be substituted for the bell and coil, and a switch for the bell-push. This sometimes is an extremely handy thing to have by the side of your bed, and a battery of several cells can be hidden underneath the bed, while the light comes from a bracket above, and the switch is ready to your hand.

A simple and useful job which any man can do is to lay a wire from the bell-push on the wall of the dining-room to the table. It is quite unnecessary that someone should have to get up every time it is necessary to ring the bell.

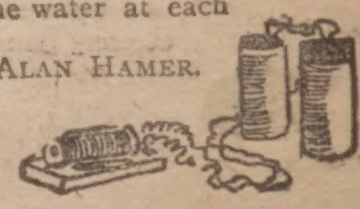
By coupling each end of a double wire to a terminal in the wall-push and taking the wire down the wall and under the carpet to the nearest leg of the dining-table, you can make it possible to ring the bell without rising. The contact may be so arranged as to be made with the foot, or the wire may be brought through a hole in the carpet and up the table-leg, a pear-shaped push being fixed on the end of it.

Burglar alarms, to ring whenever a door or window is opened, are easily fixed up by the amateur, and bells to ring whenever anyone stands on the doormat are easily arranged by means of a special kind of plunger which costs about eighteenpence.

The working of motors requires rather more technical skill, and, as created by the amateur, they are seldom more than toys; but by a simple development of the electric-bell principle, and at very little more expense, telephones may be installed from one room to another. Existing bell-fittings may be used by merely hanging a telephone instrument in place of the bell-push and in addition to the bell, and connecting them up. They can be obtained for 12s. 6d. a pair; or a complete set, battery, bell, and wire included, for 16s.

Another simple appliance which will appeal to the amateur electrician is a small shocking-coil, which has a wonderfully invigorating effect, and which can be used to give an electric bath by simply placing one terminal in the water at each end of the bath.

ALAN HAMER.



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XLVI. THE GOLF LINKS.

In an era of democracy one expects the spirit of the age to affect even our sports. Most democratic of all outdoor games is the "royal and ancient" golf, played with equal zest by Cabinet Ministers and "workingmen."

Every open golf course that belongs to the people—the seaside links in particular—boasts of its Working-Men's Golf Club, the members of which play for the love of the game and not for the benefit of sluggish livers. These men do not lead off with a pocketful of balls at twenty-four shillings per dozen and opulent club-bags and patent putters.

Jim Workman approaches the game gradually and with forethought. The mania starts with an "iron" for preference, because one can drive off the tee with it, after a fashion. It may be bought second-hand from a confiding caddie for anything under or up to a florin. After that Jim Workman either buys a "re-made" ball from the same caddie or indulges in the cheaper and more amusing expedient of searching for hidden prizes in the furze bushes on the links.

The professional who reigns in the little shop attached to the "Gentleman's" clubhouse may rave and tear his hair in vain. Jim Workman, great on his "rights" at any time, will blandly inform him that the course is public property. He wants to play golf. He intends to play.

JIM'S RIGHTS.

Thus, all the professional gets out of him is a promise to be careful on the greens, and, furthermore, a pledge that he will replace all tufts of grass he cuts up on the links. If he be an enthusiast he obligingly does both, and thus in time gets the love of the game into him—and the iron is supplemented by a brand new "driver."

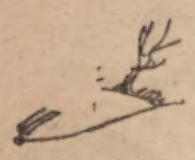
After that he is fairly launched as a golf player. The fact that he does not wear the red coat or the club button does not deter his swing. You will see him intensely happy on Saturday afternoons (or, alas! Sundays) manfully trying to play a ball out of the sand of a deep bunker, and swearing quite like a golf player and a gentleman.

The secret of his good play is that he has at first to use clubs unsuited to the purpose. He learns to drive with an iron. Thus, when he gets a "driver" he is able to appreciate its manifold advantages for the particular purpose.

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

He has to get out of a sandy bunker with an iron, so that when the saving of Saturday shillings has purchased the requisite "spoon," he sees in it a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. With that iron, too, he has to putt—so all praise to the versatile "iron," for, to use the phrase of a contemporary with regard to Tariff Reform, it means "golf for the Working-Man."

Of totally different calibre is the man who toils not, neither does he spin anything—unless it be a diabolo cone. With him golf is sometimes more of a pose than a game, and something one has to do so that one may attend the club dinner and become acquainted with the "best people."



Yet there are varieties of him who play the game very seriously in all weathers. The uninitiated can never understand what it is in the unexciting game of golf that makes an otherwise nervous-of-his-health gentleman cheerfully get soaked in an attempt to beat the "bogey" of the course.

The uninitiated, as a matter of fact, will *never* understand. They must learn to play if they would probe the depths of the mystery.

From the shelter of the club professional's shop you may see such red-coated gentry taking the same care over an approach shot to the Home Green as they would under the favourable smile of a shining summer sun.

"Why doesn't that chap chuck it and come in out of the wet?" you observe to the professional.

The professional looks at you—*once*. You know you are relegated to the position of an ordinary worldling as distinguished from an enthusiastic golfer.

"Come in *out of the wet?* You must be mad!" he says, if he knows you well enough to be abusive to you.

At such times you may be reminded of Alice—the lady who wandered in Wonderland:

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you would not be here."

RED COATS IN WONDERLAND.

You see, the links are a sort of Wonderland to golfers. There is always something new about them. Yet the uninitiated, of whom I have spoken, are prone to remark as they see the dye from an enthusiast's sodden coat running on to his very hands, "Oh, *he's* bloomin' mad!"

It is a term that is too frequently applied to enthusiasts in any kind of sport.

Distinguished from the working-man player, the moneyed enthusiast, the *poseur*, and the club "pro," who makes clubs—and trouble for his assistant—is the "Professional Golfer," beloved of the golfing periodicals and advertisers therein who wish to recommend their make of balls, clubs, or even brogue shoes.

The golfing world to-day is practically dominated by three very excellent players—"good men" who are known to the worshippers of the "royal and ancient" game as the Triumvirate. These three gentlemen have been "written up" in the Press far more than any cricketer, footballer, tennis player, or jockey.

THE GREAT THREE.

It is because these Three hold almost undisputed sway. Like the British Army, they have their "little reverses"—some surprising "small" professional may, by great luck, turn the tables on one or other of them. Nevertheless, they remain at the head of affairs, for they respond with some ultra-brilliant performance, and are for ever in opposition, continually on the Links.

They are the living contradictions of the oft-repeated assertion—of those who do not know—that golf is a "lazy man's game."

The strain upon these Three must be considerable. Golf has no close season. They are on the Links all the year round, playing exhibition matches on all sorts of courses, day in day out, one day in the South of England, the next, beyond the Firth of Forth.

It requires stamina. They must be as fit and as thoroughly in training as any footballer, cricketer, or rowing man. Yet no sport has such thoroughly modest lights for champions.

Because they have largely helped to make golf what it is to-day, may the Triumvirate long flourish!

PETER GILCHRIST.

ONE OF THE DAMNED.

A LIFE STORY.

Fallen from his high estate—you instinctively thought this as you saw the man swaggering along the street, his hat, that had seen its best days long ago, tilted at a rakish angle, his cane twirled in a gloved hand, the eye-glass through which he ogled the pretty girls, the button-hole which should have been an orchid, you felt, but was only a few violets, or occasionally a made-up sort of everlasting affair—all were out of keeping with, shall we say, to-day's *ménage?*

What he had once been was a mystery. Some held that he was a soldier and bore an honoured name, but it was only conjecture. No one knew, and he was as silent as the Sphinx.

The only thing that was patent was the incontrovertible hall-mark of the gentleman, and even that was badly defaced.

He was fonder of Oxford Street than Piccadilly—perhaps because the latter was all too familiar ground.

But it was in Soho that he spent his days when I first knew him. He kept a small gambling den at the back of a savoury, or unsavoury—it depended on your nationality which you styled it—eating-house.

And he returned the scorn which society felt for him with a malignant hatred.

You see, he was one of the damned, and there's no hell-fire hotter than that which a gentleman manufactures for himself when he turns his accomplishments to blackguardly purposes.

He was a fine boxer, but the use to which he put his science was putting the habitués of his place outside when they got a bit ugly.

He was no coward, that's certain. If he had been he'd have blown out his own brains rather than face the phantom of himself and the memories of the past which rose up every now and then. No; he was no coward—so much to his credit.

If he did not pale at his own thoughts he was little likely to change colour when a man who had lost his wits and his cash threatened to knife him.

He only laughed a hollow, mirthless sort of a laugh—the laughter of devils—and picked up the fellow round the waist and deposited him outside on the pavement, that the midnight air might cool his fevered brain.

One night a foreigner brought a girl with him—an English girl who had only just lost her bloom—and he started, after losing a trifle, to knock her about.

It was the first time, judging by the way she took it, but what hurt her more than the brute's fists were the words he used towards his victim. She was English, you see—a pretty bit of a girl with blue eyes. Perhaps that was the reason the proprietor interfered—that and the fact that the fellow was a foreigner.

But he caught him a stinging blow over the eyes and told the girl to clear out.

And there was a pretty shindy in that gambling den, I can tell you. For the foreigner was not half a bad 'un with his dukes—for a foreigner, you know—and, what's more, he was game, too.

At the finish I think he had been as properly punished for his treatment of that country lassie as a hound like that deserves.

When the foreigner had gone and the place was quiet again—lucky for him the police seemed to be a bit deaf in this quarter—the blackguard fetched in the girl who had been hiding.

It was pretty late—just the time when the night birds start singing and calling along the stony pavements of Piccadilly and the Square. But I saw the blackguard slip a packet into the girl's hand that would save her from that calling, and enable her to become respectable if she chose. He did belong to

> The legion of the lost ones, the cohorts of the damned——

but he ought to have that girl's prayers all the same.

A. M. STEWART.

SPORT UNLIMITED

A DISCUSSION.

The other day when discussing things in general with a number of friends as we rubbed ourselves down after a dive, a swim, and a splash in the swimming bath, somebody got on to that "endless chain" of a query, What is sport?

Not, mind you, "What is a sportsman?" for that is, I verily believe, something that no words can describe adequately, but simply, "What is sport?" His question struck us as foolish at the moment, and there was no answer, but gradually one after another of us, having, I supposed, asked himself silently, "What do I understand by the word 'sport'?" began to return to the subject.

It was no philosophical discussion of the inherent and intangible qualities of "sportsmanship" in the abstract, but it led us, each after his own bent, into a thousand different mental pictures of what that most desirable thing really was.

One of the strangest results of that chance question was that no two of us had the same idea of the word; no two of us, when asking ourselves what "sport" meant to us, gave the same reply. Each man was carried away into totally different and individual lines of thought.

This is the more extraordinary because we have for long been almost constant companions in those self-same sports about which we now began to show such an infinite variety of ideas. We have run, cycled, walked, swum, camped out, and done many other things in company, and we all had a very good idea of the characteristics and tastes of each other.

Yet when we came to express ourselves on the subject of sport we were no more unanimous as to details than the Houses of Parliament on the Budget.

The first to essay an answer to the question took us all by surprise. We had known him to "go fishing" sometimes, but we had no idea that "sport" to him brought up such a picture as he drew.

THE ANGLER'S IDEAL.

"Sport to me," he said, "always makes me think of a tiny stream that none of you fellows have ever heard of. I am rising to my feet from behind a blackberry bush on the edge of the stream. The sun is getting low and I have fished for an hour or two without success. But as I rise from my concealment there is a ripple in the water and I strike. In a second my line runs out—I have hooked a game little trout. Then for ten or fifteen minutes I am playing him with intense excitement.

"He darts to and fro in the pool, bending my top-joint tremendously, and doing his best to dive into the weeds and get loose. Every second is a lifetime of thrilling enjoyment not unmixed with anxiety lest at last he should escape. But finally he turns on his side, tired out, and I wind him in without trouble and land him. Sport means that to me."

SEEKING A DEFINITION.

This confession was a stimulant to us all, and we were all eager to try and express in words the mental picture that the word "sport" always brought to our minds.

And the pictures were varied indeed. In my own case "sport" lifts the curtain on a winter scene. An old and deserted quarry flanked by a narrow spinney. Rabbits have for years been the only occupants of the place. It is a bitter, dull winter day, a steady snow is beginning to cover the ground as we put two ferrets into the earth and wait in partial concealment, with numbed fingers and frost-bitten ears, yet full of excited anticipation.

Then the rabbits begin to bolt, and with the snow in our faces we blaze away for a few minutes, doing creditable execution. There is a long wait.

For an hour we get a few desultory shots, but the rabbits seem to have cleared out for the most part at that first great fusillade. Then the daylight—the short, cold, cheerless winter daylight—fades. We take up the ferrets, and with the snow silently whitening the whole earth we tramp back, over plough and pasture, to the farm where already lights are glowing.

With every willingness we leave the silent snow-covered earth and the black fringe of woodland to bear the bitterness as best they can, while we glow with comfort over a merry fire and enjoy a game of cards.

Bleak, cold, cheerless, dismal as it was, that day's rabbit-shooting in the snow stands in my mind for "sport."

AWHEEL AFTER DARK.

A third member of our company said he felt that sport was sport when he had a good road, a bright lamp, a trusty bicycle, a congenial companion, and a forty-mile ride in front of him.

The even whirr of the wheels, the perfect action of all the bicycle's parts, the joy of even and swift motion, gave him thrills that no other occupation ever afforded. The word "sport" always seemed to draw aside a curtain and show him such a set of circumstances as those, and though he had indulged in and thoroughly enjoyed many other forms of activity, yet this held its place in his life as coming nearest to his ideal of sport. There was originality and a curiously fascinating ring about the views of the "Sandow" of our party. He was a great wrestler, a man of many muscles, and but few words.

MUSCLE AND SINEW.

No experience, he said, gave him such an incentive and a delicious thrill as to feel his opponent's sinews and muscles straining and swelling in knotted strength to overthrow him. To meet grip with grip, and to strain with every ounce of power to conquer a muscular opponent gave him intense pleasure.

It was "sport" to him to feel the muscles knit and strain and tremble when one or the other must give way. "There's something terrible in a mighty muscle" he added, and we began to feel something of his thrill.

And so from case to case we went on, each man expressing, more or less realistically, the feelings that arose in him when he tried to materialise his ideas of "sport."

And as I listened to all these varied experiences it was impossible not to admit that in them all there was, after all, but one note—the note of contest, of vigour, of the clash and grip of strength directed by knowledge and the fruits of training.

But what was still more striking, still more noteworthy, was the fact that though "sport" led men to such infinity of experience in widely differing fields, it yet held them together by its inherent qualities. Whatever the sportsman's outlet for his sportsmanship, the source of his enjoyment was the same. For him sport is unlimited in its possibilities.

C. B. DIXON.

THE DIARY OF A CONCEITED MAN.

A PEEP BETWEEN THE LEAVES.

SUNDAY.

I think the world is a purer and sweeter place since I came into it. Jebson shook my hand this morning and told me the sight of my clean collar made him think of "the white flower of a blameless life." Some people call these personal remarks vulgar. I don't. This is the sort of compliment I like.

MONDAY.

Had my head shampooed this morning. Was a bit timid over it owing to the recent terrible catastrophes. Barber assured me I was perfectly safe, as there wasn't enough vitality about me to cause an explosion. My temperament was cold. I said I was something like the great Napoleon, of a sluggish pulse. He said "Ah!" and stared. Made an impression there, I fancy. I don't despise humble admiration!

TUESDAY.

I rather believe that I cut out young Percy last night with Dora Flimsey. I told her a few things about him, and she agreed with me. A nice girl Dora—knows a clever chap when she sees one. A man with a personality like mine is bound to impress the fair sex.

While I was talking to her, I heard someone ask "Who is that bounder?" referring to Percy of course.

Her brother is not half a bad fellow either—said I was as breezy as a foggy day—bit of a humorist he is—but, of course, I understood what he meant.

WEDNESDAY.

Think I shall join the Territorials—my tailor tells me I shall be a fine figure of a man when he has succeeded in padding-out all the deficiencies—"which are many, sir." "The mind is the standard of the man," I said loftily. He replied that he knew no tape to measure that. Snip is a most charming flatterer; I paid his bill on the instant.

THURSDAY.

Recited some of my poems at Lady Catchem's reception. Most of the people went to sleep—she does give such heavy dinners—but Sir Caustic Potash told me afterwards that my "Ode to the Men of Britain" was the finest lullaby he ever heard. A most discerning and competent critic!

FRIDAY.

Have just been photographed as an athlete—I love all manly games. But running is my special hobby—I stand just like all the champions; in fact, on my word, I've been taken for one of them.

(Hullo—someone has got hold of my diary, and been writing in it. "Who ever it was must have been blind drunk at the time. Why, you're the biggest guy that ever got on the track—can't run because of your own feet getting in the way."

I must try and get a recipe for erasing this impertinence!)

SATURDAY.

I am writing this in the Park owing to temporary difficulties—I cannot return to my lodgings. The wind blows fresh across the Serpentine—how sweet is Nature; how acid are landladies!

But I feel damp—the seat, I think, strikes cold!

A WEEK LATER.

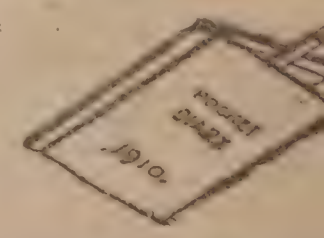
Fortune smiles once more—also the landlady—the cashier at the bank is again polite.

SOME MONTHS LATER.

Just heard from Slocum that they want a candidate—will I stand? As it's a dumb constituency they feel I'm the right man—a most delicate attention I call it. I always considered the silent man a wise one. I detest conceit and talk. My motto has always been, "I lead—follow who can." A most fitting motto for a modest chap like myself. Have wired "Yes."

There seems every probability of my getting in, for I am generally considered to be rather an effective platform speaker.

F. C. HARTINGTON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Man with the Limp.

By G. C. POUNDS.

It was Mr. Haycraft's custom to have the letters which came by the first post taken to him in bed, and before he got up he had already decided upon replies to those which had to be answered. When he came down to breakfast it was my duty to take notes of the replies as he mumbled them out between mouthfuls. On one particular morning, however, he brought down the packet of letters unopened.

"We'll deal with these at the office, Mr. Gilchrist," he said.

I was more than a little surprised at his thus changing his routine, for he was a man devoted to system.

Throughout that day—for I always accompanied my chief to the office, where I dealt with all correspondence of a confidential nature—Mr. Haycraft was moody and unlike his usual self. He gave me more rope than I had ever known him do in the matter of dealing with his letters, and it even appeared at times that he had ceased to take an interest in his business.

"What is the matter with the old beast?" the cashier remarked to me at lunch-time, but I pretended that I had not seen any change in Mr. Haycraft, for I considered that my position as confidential secretary forbade me to gossip about him.

Not that I cared much for him personally. We were men of entirely different education and instincts. He had built up from nothing what was probably the largest manufacturing jeweller's business in the country, and, though I did not know the story of his early life, it was obvious that he was a man of little culture and devoid of that kindness of heart which would have made up for it.

I, on my part, had, after wasting the early part of my life at a University, engaged in a business project which had proved unsuccessful, and so I was glad to take up the secretaryship which he offered me. My work was never done, but there was the compensation that the salary was unusually good.

We always travelled together in the same carriage back to Wimbledon, and it was his habit to read the papers for the first half of the journey and to discuss the latest news with me during the second half, but to-night he spent the time looking vacantly out of the window and speaking not a word.

Another thing which I noticed about him was that throughout the day he did not smoke, although usually he consumed several cigars between dawn and dusk.

We dined as usual in solitary state, for Mr. Haycraft was a bachelor, and when the meal was half finished the butler brought to his master a few private letters which had arrived by the evening post.

"I'll deal with these to-morrow morning," he said to me, handing me the letters unopened. "Don't let me forget them."

Once more I was surprised. Each evening it was his custom to summon me to the library after dinner to take down answers to letters which had arrived by the evening mail, and not until this task was finished could I consider that my work for the day was over.

"Then you sha'n't want me to-night?" I asked.

"Not for letters," he said, "but you might come with me to the library to discuss a little matter that has been weighing upon my mind."

We finished the meal in silence and then went to the library together. I waited for him to open the conversation, and several times he looked up at me as if he were about to speak, but thought better of it.

"Have you ever smoked cigarettes perfumed with geranium?" he asked at length.

"No," I replied, "I do not think I have ever done so. If I remember rightly, perfumed cigarettes were a passing craze about fifteen years ago."

"You are quite right," he said. "I have not smelt a geranium cigarette for quite that number of years till last night. As I lay awake in bed the smell of a geranium cigarette drifted in at the open window. I declare it almost made me physically sick, not the cigarette but the association connected with it in my mind."

His remark recalled to me my half-forgotten studies of psychology and sense perception.

"It is an admitted fact," I said, "that the sense of smell can recall a forgotten scene more vividly than can either sight or hearing. But I think you must have been mistaken, for no one could have been smoking beneath your bedroom window after dark. Possibly what you smelt was the geraniums in the garden."

"I am afraid you have taken only a passing interest in the garden," he replied, "or you would have noticed that I have not one geranium in it. I hate them. I do not know that I ought to have told you all I have, and I certainly won't tell you any more. What I want you to do is to exchange rooms with me for to-night. If you agree I shall ring for the housekeeper and give her instructions to that effect."

I could not, of course, refuse to comply with this extraordinary proposal, nor did I see any particular reason why I should do so. If the smell of geranium-perfumed cigarettes annoyed Mr. Haycraft, it had no particular terrors for me; and so the housekeeper, marvelling as much as I did myself, superintended the maids while they carried my belongings to Mr. Haycraft's room and his to mine.

After I had had a stroll about the common I returned to the house, using my latchkey to open the door. The servants, who had not heard me enter, were discussing the conduct of their master.

"It seems to me there's something worrying him," remarked the housekeeper.

"I don't know about that," said the butler, "but I do know that he emptied the decanter of whisky after Mr. Gilchrist went out and made me fetch more. When he went upstairs to his room he was so drunk he could hardly walk."

I did not wait to hear more, but made my way to my new bedroom. As I switched on the electric light I could not but admire the magnificent proportions of the room and its furniture. From the carpet to the toilet-table, and even to the pictures, everything was as luxurious as could be desired, nor was the taste displayed at all vulgar, for Mr. Haycraft had had sense enough to leave the furnishing of his house entirely in the hands of a famous London firm. I could scarcely help wondering what he thought of the room which I had turned over to him, for, though comfortable, it was in nowise equal to the one he had relinquished.

One thing worried me, however. Why had he insisted on this exchange of rooms? I lay in bed for half an hour trying to puzzle it out, but at the end of that time I had arrived at no solution, and determined to go to sleep.

Then I discovered that, having kept sleep at arm's length so long, it refused to come to me now, and for hour after hour I lay there wide awake.

Suddenly I heard a slight click as if someone had unlocked the gate that leads from the garden to a lane. I lay and listened, but could hear nothing further. Presently I caught the smell of tobacco smoke, and a moment later I perceived that it was perfumed with geranium.

That click of the gate, combined with the scent, made me extremely uneasy.

The thought suggested itself to me that someone had entered the garden and was smoking this particular kind of tobacco—someone, moreover, who had reason to dislike Mr. Haycraft. Could that be why he had exchanged rooms with me?

Arguing that his enemy might mistake me for my employer, and having no desire to bear the brunt of a quarrel which did not concern me, I got out of bed, laid the bolster longwise beneath the blankets, and stepped to the end of the wardrobe, where I could watch the window while remaining myself in shadow.

Something seemed to flutter for a moment in front of the open window, and then to catch upon the sill. A moment later I could see a man's head silhouetted between me and the patch of sky. He was creeping gradually upwards, and I could see the glow of a smouldering cigarette between his lips. He balanced himself for a second, something gleamed in his hand, and then there was a flash and a report.

I waited no longer, but dashed towards the window. The man, who had already reached the foot of the rope ladder, was thrusting the still smoking revolver into the pocket of his coat.

I should have liked to have gone down that ladder and stopped him, but attired as I was I could scarcely do so.

As he walked over the lawn I observed that he limped badly.

The report had awakened the household, and I had scarcely left the window when the butler knocked at my door to inquire whether I was all right. I turned on the light and examined the bed before I opened the door. The blankets and the bolster were pierced by a bullet which would inevitably have settled my account had I been lying there.

When I opened the door I saw Mr. Haycraft and two of the men-servants in the passage.

I briefly told him what had happened, and suggested that one of the servants should be sent for the police, but Mr. Haycraft forbade this step to be taken.

"On no account!" he cried, turning a shade whiter than before.

With that he left me, and, arguing that if the would-be murderer supposed me dead I should not be further troubled that night, I went back to bed and this time slept soundly till morning.

At breakfast Mr. Haycraft announced his intention of staying at Wimbledon that day instead of going to town, and when the meal was finished he invited me to come to the library.

"Look here," he said, "there's a man about who is trying to take my life, and I want your assistance in circumventing him."

"The police," I said, "could help you more effectively in a matter like this than I could."

"I can't have the police prying into my private affairs," he replied. "Now, it comes to this, Gilchrist: I must wind up my business and seek safety in flight. I want you to go into town and bring out my solicitor so that I can arrange for the disposal of my interests. If I remain here, that man will kill me."

I duly fetched the solicitor from town, and at the conference between him and Mr. Haycraft I was invited to be present.

The solicitor showed plainly that he was dissatisfied at not being taken into his client's confidence in regard to the reason why his enemy was so vindictive, but nevertheless he greatly assisted us in devising means for Mr. Haycraft's safety.

As a result of our consultation I telephoned to a firm of electrical engineers in London, and before nightfall we had fixed all round the house wires that when touched by an intruder would instantly raise an alarm.

In the evening I took my regular stroll across the common rather earlier than usual in order to be back before dark. I had not gone very far when, on looking round, I saw that I was being followed by a man with an extraordinary limp. A closer look showed me that it was none other than the person who had fired the revolver at my bed the night before.

Foolishly, I had come out unarmed, and my feelings at the sight of him were extremely unpleasant.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "I am not going to hurt you. You are Mr. Haycraft's secretary, I know, and I want to buy your help."

I said nothing, and waited for him to proceed.

"Fifteen years ago," he continued, "he and I brought off a burglary, and he shot a man who interrupted us while we were at it. We hid the swag, and made off, but the police began to get hot on our scent.

"I believe, however, that they would never have found us out if it had not been that Haycraft wrote to them anonymously, saying that I did it. They arrested me, and soon had evidence enough to prove that I had a hand in the burglary.

"Haycraft meantime had bolted, and when I told the judge that it was another man with me who did the murder he simply laughed at me.

"The evidence was conclusive, and I was sentenced to be hanged. Then came a reprieve, and I got twenty years at Dartmoor. By good behaviour I obtained five years' remission, and now I'm free. All I want is to be even with the man whose crime I suffered for, and by Heaven I will be even."

"And the geranium cigarettes?" I asked.

"I always fancied them," he replied, "and I used to smoke them before I was arrested. Now that I'm out again and can smoke, I prefer this kind because they bring back thoughts of happier days. But what have they to do with it? I want you to smuggle me into the house and name your own price for doing it."

As I have said, I had no great liking for Mr. Haycraft, and my opinion of him was not improved by what I had learned. The proposal now made to me was not, of course, to be considered for a moment, and having intimated as much to the man who made it, I walked back to the house, after watching him limp away in the opposite direction.

I immediately communicated to Mr. Haycraft the fact that an enemy had attempted to bribe me, and our precautions became more strict than ever.

For the next week, during which time the business was to be sold, Mr. Haycraft never left his room, and when I was not there one of the men-servants who could be thoroughly trusted kept guard in my place.

We arranged that he should travel to Plymouth by motor and there catch a White Star steamer as it came across from Cherbourg.

On the day appointed I bade him good-bye and saw him safely into the car, which he was to drive himself.

For my part I was to consider myself disengaged at the end of the week, and it was with a feeling of some satisfaction that I reflected upon the prospect of obtaining some more pleasant employment as I sat down to breakfast and glanced at the newspaper. A paragraph in it showed me that my duties had ceased even more quickly than I had hoped for. This is what I read:

"MOTOR FATALITY NEAR SALISBURY.

"As a motor-car was passing through Salisbury towards Wilton it suddenly exploded and burst into flames. There was only one occupant, and his body was so much mutilated as to be unrecognisable.

"There is some suspicion that the accident was the result of foul play, for there is evidence that a high explosive had been mixed with the spare can of petrol with which the motorist had replenished the car in Salisbury. The number of the car was L. M 4320."

This was the number of my employer's car, and thus ended the vendetta between him and the man with the limp. The latter I have not again seen from that day to this.

PUNISHING A HORSE

SOME USEFUL HINTS, BUT INTERESTING TO THE HORSEMAN ONLY.

This article may give offence to humanitarian cranks who have never had anything practical to do with horses, but those who have to drive or ride man's best friend, either for profit or pleasure, will admit the truth of what I say and may possibly learn something from my experience, for each horseman knows a thing or two that might be useful to others.

That loathsome brute the music-hall animal trainer is fond of the phrase, "It's all done by kindness," but nobody believes him, and I am glad to say that in these days there are few who care to watch the antics of himself and his helpless victims. In nearly all cases he is an undesirable alien, who ought to be given the order of the boot straight away.

HOW HORSES ARE MASTERED.

We may leave the performing horse out of the question, however, for he is an unnatural and useless product. His training is not by any means accomplished by kindness alone, and neither is that of the average workaday horse.

There may be exceptional animals that will go if need be till they drop, simply if their driver asks them to; but I think these wonderful beasts exist only in books. I have never come across one in actual life.

The fact is that horses, like all other creatures of limited intelligence, can be kept under control only by a system of kindness, judiciously mingled with the fear of punishment. So long as we continue to use horses so long shall we be obliged to mete out punishment to them on occasion. The great thing is to know how to punish them, so that they may learn their lesson with a minimum of suffering.

SPIRIT OR WICKEDNESS.

The best horse ever bred will at times become obstreperous. In the hands of a skilful horseman this sudden access of malicious energy may be controlled and moulded to his will; then it is called "spirit." With a novice, it almost certainly means disaster, and may mean a fatal accident.

Each horse has his own particular way of "kicking over the traces." Sometimes he refuses to let you mount, sometimes he refuses to be bridled, sometimes he shows a tendency to bolt, sometimes he shies at objects which are perfectly familiar to him.

Before thinking unkindly of him, find out, if possible, the reason for his change of temper. It may be that the girth is twisted, or that some part of the harness is uncomfortable; if such be the case, the remedy is obviously to put it right. But if everything is as it should be, and the horse is affected by nothing more serious than a fit of tantrums, more drastic measures must be adopted.

Cruelty is quite unnecessary. What you ought to turn to account is the horse's sense of fear; that sense is a great one, for every horse is by nature an arrant coward.

To utilise this sense of fear, it is well—always when circumstances admit of it—to make a good deal more fuss about punishing him than is demanded by the actual pain inflicted.

For example, if he lashes out at you in the stable, you are justified, perhaps, in giving him a thrashing, but you remember that usually he is a very lovable beast, and, though you realise that he must be broken of this fault, you do not care to take a whip to him.

TEACHING HIM A LESSON.

Catch him by the headstall, tell him in your most terrible voice what you think of him, and punch him on the neck and shoulders with your hand. The blows are no harder than the friendly slaps you are in the habit of giving him, but he knows he has done something to deserve punishment, and a few punches—plus your angry words—are enough to show him he has got to behave himself.

So far as my experience goes, I have never yet come across a man worthy of the name who would be unnecessarily cruel to a horse, but many women, kind in all other respects, are as merciless as they are foolish when it comes to administering punishment.

In the livery stables where I work we board several horses belonging to people who want to have their own hack, but have no accommodation for him. More than once a lady owner has come back from a ride and given me instructions that her horse is to have no more food that day because he has tried to play tricks with her while she had him out. Of course I touch my cap, and say her orders will be carried out, but after she has gone I see that the horse gets his grub all right.

Punishment by starvation is very cruel, because it is useless; the horse doesn't know that he is being punished at all; he doesn't learn any lesson from it; he simply gets out of condition, and it isn't always easy to get him into condition again.

If a horse does wrong, what you ought to do is to punish him in a way that frightens him, and a good round swearing and a punch or two will do it without any useless cruelty.

LAZY HORSES.

I have spoken of punishing horses for their faults, but the punishment you most frequently see given to them is for what their drivers call laziness, and I don't think that is the horse's fault.

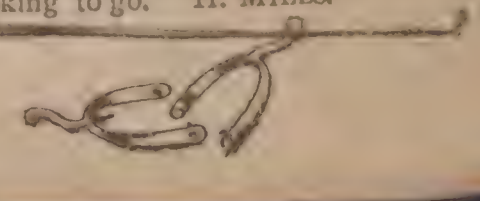
Some horses, like some people, can't get up speed, and the best thing is to put them on slower work, for they may be good at that though useless for fast draught. Horse-owners, however, do not always trouble about this, and when I see a man with a horse that is too slow for the work his employer and its owner wants done, I am always, as a horseman myself, more sorry for the driver than for the horse. It becomes with him not a case of good hands, but good arms, for some horses take a lot of whacking to move them.

Every 'bus-driver and cabby in London goes in for "thawley," so-called because they hold that it is as stimulating for the moment, though less lasting in its effects, as a certain well-known horse food. It is simply a piece of gutta-percha thread tied on to the end of the lash, and it waken up a dull horse wonderfully, without making too much noise about it.

FOR REGULAR SLUGS.

For a real slug—one of the born-tired variety—they generally use a whip with a drop throng; that is, a throng which hangs straight down from the end of the stick part of the whip instead of being stiffened out with a piece of quill.

Such a whip in the hands of a man who knows where to put it on is a punisher, and it may be all right to use it where a horse won't go though it can, but I think that if a horse is well fed and looked after, and of a breed suitable for its work, it doesn't need much asking to go. H. MILLS.



A SPORTSMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOUR.

HOW IT IS SOMETIMES TICKLED ON FIELD AND COURSE.

It is a fairly safe statement to make that ninety-nine out of every hundred sportsmen are possessed of a keen sense of humour; and there are occasions—all, alas, too rare—when something happens in the course of a match or a contest to titillate their risible faculties.

For instance, the efforts of a diminutive referee to command attention are almost always productive of merriment. I remember one instance some years ago, in a Yorkshire town, when one of the heats for the local heavy-weight amateur boxing championship was being fought. Time after time, the referee, a very small man, had to caution one of the men for opening his hands, and at last that worthy lost his temper.

"*Will you shut up?*" he roared, glaring down at the frail representative of justice, and a stentorian roar of laughter showed the audience's keen enjoyment of the situation.

Many devotees of Association football will remember the occasion when in a Second League match on the Bradford City ground at Manningham-lane some four seasons back, the visitors' left back—a Welsh international—had the misfortune, while delivering a lusty kick at the ball, to split his belt.

Naturally, his knickers started to descend rapidly; but he had the presence of mind to sit down quickly, and thus saved the situation, for the other players on the field immediately made a ring round him. But the agonised grab that he first made at his nether garments sent the spectators into fits of laughter.

Despite the fact that football has made rapid strides in the favour o our neighbours across the Channel, some amusing things happen on French football fields now and then. For instance, a member of a well-known London amateur fifteen told me of a funny incident which occurred during a match in Paris between his team and a local combination.

Just before the commencement of the game, the French captain came forward and apologised because the new ball for the match had been lost, but he pointed with pride to a substitute in the shape of an old and dilapidated practice ball, with the nozzle hanging out!

"By the way, might I ask," said the Frenchman, suavely, "that messieurs the Englishmen will not kick him too hard, as the inner case threatens to burst in one place, and I have placed a *franc* piece—a sum I could ill afford to lose—over the worn portion!"

Luckily the Englishmen had a new match-ball with them, so that the veteran was not called into requisition.

I once saw a rather amusing occurrence at Kempton Park. A youngster, who, from the gorgeousness of his top-hat, black overcoat, and patent-leather boots, did not look like a frequent racegoer, had perched himself on the balustrade of the half-crown stand, next to a bookie who was calling the odds on the steps. It so happened that the position was also coveted by the bookie's runner, a brawny lout, who said so in language adorned with many flowers of Billingsgate. But the youth looked at him superciliously.

"You are an impertinent fellow," he said. "I defy you to dislodge me."

He got no further, for with a vigorous pull, the lout precipitated him to the ground, on top of his hat, which had fallen off. At the same time, a faint sound of breaking glass came from his pocket, and, on rising, he found his coat saturated with milk.

These are only a few instances of amusing incidents in the field of sport; but, such as they are, they may awaken similar recollections in the reader's mind, the recital of which to a select gathering, over a convivial pipe, may possibly be responsible for a pleasant half-hour.

C. J. WORKMAN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

EGOTISM. I have received a letter from a reader in Edinburgh, which, I think, demands dealing with on this page, because what he says may have been thought by others.

"I am dropping your infernal paper," he writes. "The whole thing is one prolonged capital 'I.' You tell us uninteresting facts about yourself, and the things that we read in your 'Notebook' seem to be reflected throughout the whole of the paper. I am heartily and absolutely sick both of you and of your publication."

MY DIFFICULTY. I remember once appealing to you to give me your opinion as to whether I ought to keep up the personal tone in "My Notebook."

In the early days of the paper, I dealt on this page with miscellaneous sporting matters and other subjects of masculine interest, and it was only when I began to feel the strong bond of union between myself and my readers that I dropped the sedate editorial tone and wrote as one friend to another.

You must remember that I am writing to you under difficulties. We do not have any friends in common, so it is impossible for me to give you any news about them, and news about mutual friends constitutes a large part of ordinary correspondence. That is why my weekly notes are apt to deal with myself, and that is why I ramble on, telling you this little item and that which I think might possibly be of interest to you.

When you write to me personally I do not think that you find in my reply anything that you could call egotism, for generally I talk in my letter about those things concerning which you have written to me; but in such weekly notes as these, where I am writing not to one individual reader but to all my readers as a whole, I am labouring under the same difficulty that is experienced by a friend who has gone abroad, and who has lost touch with those friends whom you both know.

Such a man may tell you what his new surroundings are like, and weary you to distraction with long descriptions of the things he sees. If he does so, his letter is a dull one, but if, on the other hand, he chats in a friendly way about his own doings, you enjoy his letter because he is a friend of yours, and you can understand his outlook and can appreciate his feelings under varying circumstances.

DO YOU WANT IT OTHERWISE? That is how I regard "My Notebook." With many readers I have formed a firm private friendship, and with all my readers I have a bond of the strongest sympathy.

As my Edinburgh correspondent and ex-reader says, the paper is permeated with my personality, and for that very reason I regard it as an evidence of your liking for me that you like the paper; that is why I write these rambling notes in a careless, unconsidered, friendly style.

Once I asked you whether you wanted me to continue this personal tone. Many readers urged me to continue it by all means, and none wrote to the contrary. Had I found that there were many who disliked the style in which I write these notes, common-sense and my commercial instinct would have urged me to fill these two columns with something more interesting.

I still abide by the offer I made then, and if you desire me to discontinue these notes I shall do so, but I believe that the opinion of my Edinburgh ex-reader is not shared by very many others.

THE PAPER AND MYSELF. As for my personality being reflected throughout the paper, this is, I fear, inevitable. It was my personality which made the paper, and my personality which keeps it up.

I am constantly suggesting articles to contributors who can write better than I can, and, even in the matter of fiction, many of the Richard Selby and the Kernahan stories have been founded on actual experiences of my own.

In my own case, I write these notes, as I run the paper—with all my heart; and I ask you to overlook any faults you may find in them in the same spirit that you enjoy any satisfaction they may give you.

MR. WOOD'S POSTER. I am very happy to learn that the art plates which have been prepared of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's poster have been in such demand.

I well remember getting Mr. Wood to do that poster for me. I wanted a man on a spirited horse, and my knowledge of black and white artists told me that Mr. Wood was the best man I could get to do it for me. I went to see him at his studio, and we discussed the matter.

One autumn evening, shortly afterwards, there arrived at my house a special messenger, with the poster wrapped in many cardboard covers beneath his arm.

I put it on a chair at the end of the garden, and then went twenty yards away and looked at it. The poster was not entirely satisfactory. Dashing it was unquestionably, but at this distance it was difficult to grasp every merit of the picture, and, as it was to be used for street advertising chiefly, I decided that a few alterations were necessary.

Next morning I packed up the picture and took it to Mr. Wood myself.

I put it down against the back of a chair in his dining-room, and told him in what respects I considered the poster might be improved.

AN ALTERATION. My experience of artists is that they are usually very conceited in regard to their own work, and extremely unwilling to alter it even if the alteration be considered an advisable one by everybody else. Whether Mr. Wood is an exception to most artists, or whether my criticism was really appropriate, I do not know, but the fact remains that all he said was: "I see exactly what you mean. It's a day or two since I did anything to this poster, and so I can look at it almost with the critical eye of a stranger. I am very glad you pointed these things out to me."

He provided me with some excellent whisky-and-soda and invited me to wait ten minutes while he took the picture to his studio and altered it.

When he returned, he laid it on the floor upside down and invited my opinion.

"You can generally judge the composition of a picture better," he said, "when you look at it like this, for your eye is not carried away by its meaning."

I am afraid my artistic talent was not quite equal to judging a picture in that position, and I turned it over.

He had darkened the front of the rider's breeches, he had darkened the horse's belly, and he had put a heavier outline round the whole thing.

The picture was now, in my estimation, absolutely perfect. I wrote him out a cheque for it there and then, and took it away with me.

I doubt whether any picture has ever been more often reproduced than this one. I had a million small yellow leaflets printed announcing the advent of the new paper, and chiefly occupied by this picture; these leaflets were inset in various papers. I used this picture in my various advertisements in the London daily and weekly publications. I set a small reproduction of it beside the title on page one. The original hangs in my office. I have used the design in the League badge.

In a sense, I believe that poster to have been a sort of mascot to the paper. My instructions to Mr. Wood were that he should give me his very best conception of modern physical energy; and I think he carried out my idea to the letter.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A SILENT JANUARY DAY.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

It has no counterpart in all the calendar, and its call is irresistible. The sun is scarcely up above the skimpy hedges before it begins to decline towards the horizon again. There is no wind stirring, but the sharp air nevertheless nips at the ears until after a brisk quarter of an hour's swinging walk the blood stirs itself and warms every inch of exposed flesh and puts up a successful fight against the frost.

Once beyond the village and I enter a charmed atmosphere. I look in vain for a stirring twig, a moving bird, or a human being. Only a complete silence and stillness pervades the earth on this January day when the earth almost seems to have given up the fight and to be withering beneath the frost.

The thought of a summer past is ridiculous; to hope for a spring to come seems absurd. There is surely no progress at this moment.

And yet there is everything to attract and please even a solitary walker in fields that most people have abandoned these many weeks for the cleaner pavements or the warmer atmosphere of the village.

Not even a team is being "driven" across the fallow, and one needs to be a constant and close watcher of natural things to be assured that your faith in the power of earth to revive and live again is not misplaced.

Already there is early in the afternoon a warning of the coming night. Round the edges of the woods a blue shade of mist has gathered, hiding the solitary pheasants as they strut and pick and scratch—survivors of the great shoot of the year in this neighbourhood. In the ridges of the grass where the sun has failed to penetrate, last night's frost still clings on, and the thin rime on the fences is already turned to ice again.

It needs sharp walking to keep warm; jumping helps the process, and I leap to and fro across the little open brook along whose sides thin sheets of white ice project. A sure foot and an eye for landing-places can alone save me a sprained ankle, for the ground is hard and full of rigid edges that will turn any but a firmly-planted foot.

Where the brook trickles into the great pond, a snipe rises in startling haste and swiftly with many twists and turns has dropped again far up the stream.

Here, indeed, is the very essence of loneliness. A thin sheet of dark ice stretches to the middle of the pond. At the far side a deep wood borders the water, and through its leafless boughs a faint wan yellow glow shines weakly.

Twilight is short, and as you watch the writhing angry boughs of the oak, thrown up against the sky, the scene fades, and the waters show blacker and more forbidding.

I grow hungry, and think of steaming tea and fragrant fresh-baked cakes from the farmhouse oven, and the appetite gains the day.

The exercise accounts for it—the exercise and the weather.

Food that may seem too substantial at ordinary times becomes on an occasion like this a very magnet, for at such a time a man wants sound, substantial fare.

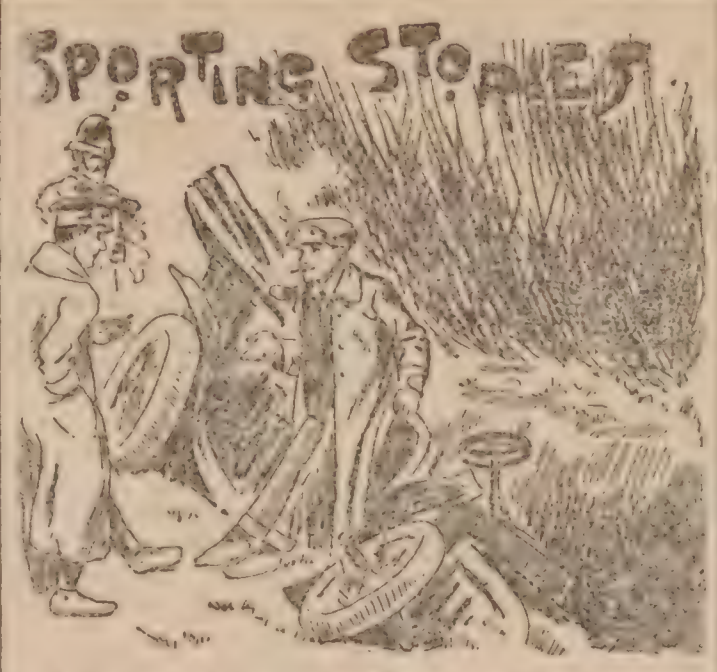
My mouth waters at the thought of the meal awaiting me, and I quicken my pace with renewed vigour.

The grass is already stiffened with the night frost, and the chill finds its way through the heather. Stamping like any carthorse, I break into a double across the fields, and a labourer, apparently insensible to the bitterness, plods slowly along, his hobnails waking the echoes, so ironbound is the earth.

A gruff, but not unmannerly, "good night" he gives me, and I remark that we shall have another "sharp night."

Then he passes into the darkness, bound for an outlying cottage. A sound of a chain running out and a friendly deep bark greets me at the farm-door, and I enter, glowing with exercise, and not unwilling to leave the outer world to frost and darkness.

C. DE F. JACKSON.



"I haf heard," said the Frenchman, "zat you are celebrating your golden wedding."

"That is so," said the Englishman.

"And vat is a golden wedding?" asked the Frenchman.

"Oh, well, you know it means that we have been man and wife for fifty years," said the Englishman.

"I see," said the Frenchman. "Zat ees very nice, and now you are going to marry."

* * *

Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor-cyclist gaily toot-tooted his way towards the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, boy, am I right for the Zoo?"

The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd a tail."

* * *

THE ONE: "You have used the word 'donkey' several times in the last ten minutes. Am I to understand that you mean anything of a personal nature?"

THE OTHER: "Certainly not. There are lots of donkeys in the world besides you."

HE: "Your dog tore up all my best plants last night. It must not happen again."

HIS NEIGHBOUR: "Why? Aren't you going to plant any more?"

* * *

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER: "We must hurry back."

SECOND EXPLORER: "But the North Pole is ours if we keep on."

FIRST EXPLORER: "But if we don't get back now we'll be too late for the lecture season."

* * *

CORPORAL (to town recruit on stable guard for the first time): "Now you've got to patrol these 'ere lines, an' 'ammer in any pegs that get loose, an' generally look after the 'orses."

RECRUIT (whose knowledge of horses is of the slightest): "And what time am I to wake the horses in the mornin'?"

* * *

JOHNNY: "Pa, when is the freedom of the city given to a man?"

PA: "When his wife goes to the country for a few weeks' holiday."

* * *

PASSER-BY: "Here, boy, your dog has bitten me on the ankle."

THE BOY: "Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite your neck, would yer?"

* * *

"Muvver's compliments," piped the dirty-cheeked urchin to the busy butcher, "and she wants me to show you the big bone sent with the meat this morning,"

"My compliments," answered the butcher, "and tell your mother next time I kills a bullock without a bone in it I'll make her a present of a joint."

"Muvver's compliments," retorted the urchin, "and she says, next time you find a bit o' sirloin o' beef with a shoulder-o'-mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcase as a curiosity."

* * *

The seedy-looking agitator mounted his inverted tub.

"It was not always thus," he proclaimed. "When first I opened my eyes in this world our family circumstances were far better than are mine now. Time was when I sought not luxury, yet obtained it; when my every fancy was gratified; when I was wont to pass this very spot in my own carriage, and my mother—bless her——."

"Used to push it," roared a bloated democrat.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read — that is wherever the English language is spoken.

Several readers have asked us which form of badge we recommend; personally we wear a tie-pin, but it is all a matter of taste. A tie-pin, however, is the most readily observed and therefore the most likely to suit your purpose.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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The League Badge. (Actual size.)

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

DIGESTION.

One of the most precious gifts that a man can have is a good digestion. It is the greatest essential to health, and one of the first things to go wrong if you do not treat your body with sufficient care.

Many men are apt to say to themselves, "Oh, I have got the digestion of an ostrich; it doesn't much matter how or what I eat. It is all rot about taking your meals regularly, and so on; I have never done it, and I have never suffered yet."

And, as long as they have youth on their side, it is quite possible that they will not suffer. But when they reach the age of thirty or forty, the chances are that their ill-used digestions will strike work, and they will become confirmed dyspeptics.

It is, therefore, worth while taking a little forethought now with a view to preserving health in later years. The results of omitting to do so are not immediate, and are therefore disregarded by some, but they are none the less certain, unless you have an almost superhuman constitution.

I have referred before to the advisability of avoiding all mental or physical exercise immediately before, during, or after a heavy meal, for this deprives the stomach of the necessary supply of blood for digestion.

The following table of the approximate times required for the digestion of various kinds of food may be of interest to my readers:

	Hrs.	Mins.		Hrs.	Mins.
Sweet apples	1	30	Roast beef ...	3	15
Scrambled eggs	1	30	Cheese ...	3	30
Bread ...	1	30	Boiled potatoes	3	30
Boiled cod ...	2	0	Roast chicken	4	0
Milk	2	0	Boiled cabbage	4	30
Baked potatoes	2	30	Roast Veal ...	4	30
Roast turkey	2	30	Roast pork ...	5	15
Boiled eggs...	3	0			

AN EXERCISE WITH A WALKING-STICK.

The starting position is erect with an ordinary walking-stick held in one hand and resting on the floor.

Now bring the stick up above the head, grasping it with the two hands about eighteen inches apart. At the same time separate the feet, and draw yourself up to your full height, expanding the chest as you do so.

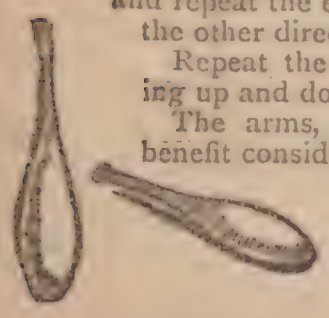
Exercises many muscles.

Swing sharply forward, bending from the hips, and at the same time twisting the arms until you are in the position shown in the sketch. Swing the stick right back between the legs as far as you can, making it point as straight in front of you as you can.

Then rise sharply again to the upright position and repeat the exercise with the arms twisted in the other direction.

Repeat the exercise about ten times, swinging up and down again smartly.

The arms, waist, abdomen, and legs will all benefit considerably.



EASY SHAVING.

Perhaps I may be allowed to include on this page a tip which was given me the other day on the prosaic subject of shaving.

In order to obtain an easy shave in the morning, so a friend informed me—and I have since tested his advice and found it excellent—there is no recipe like anointing your face copiously with grease of some kind the night before.

Pure natural fat is as effective as anything, or any of the good preparations sold for the purpose will have very much the same effect, and are very pleasant to use.

This anointing the night before renders the skin tough and yet pliable on the following morning, and shaving will be a much less unpleasant process.

In addition to this, make a point of dipping your razor in boiling or very hot water just before using it, as this closes the tiny serrations in the edge of the blade and makes it much keener.

If you observe both these practical hints, and also draw the razor obliquely across your face, instead of straight up or down, you will find shaving an easy matter, and though it can never (in spite of the advertisements of the shaving soap manufacturers) become anything but a nuisance, it will at least cease to be painful.

A TRICK FOR STRONG ARMS.

This trick is by no means easy, and until you try it, looks almost impossible. It can be done, however, by a man with strong arms and a certain amount of grit and strength of will.

Take a strong stick about 3ft. long. Grasp it with the right hand about a foot or less from the end, and hold the other end with the left hand.

Place the protruding end over a partition, or the top of an open door (which will need to be well hung), and haul yourself up as if you were on a horizontal bar.

This will only be possible if the right hand is kept quite close up to the door, and the weight of the body will come mainly on the right arm, the other being occupied in pressing the end of the stick upwards.

Easier than it looks.

You will probably need a considerable amount of practice before you can accomplish this feat, but it is by no means so impossible as it looks.

Mere strength will not achieve it, as there is a good deal of knack in the doing of it, but it is nevertheless an excellent test for the muscles of the arms, as well as a developer.

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GOING INTO TRAINING.

SOME MISTAKES THAT MEN FREQUENTLY MAKE.

The average healthy Briton invariably, at some period of the year, takes it into his head to "go into training," and in all probability you, dear reader, are no exception to this very salutary rule.

Possibly, for some months past, you have been exceptionally busy at the office, and have had to stay late, so that your recreation has had of necessity to be taken in the evening; and has consisted chiefly of visits to music-halls, or of cheery "hundreds up" on the alluring green cloth.

Well, after a time, perhaps, you notice from your reflection in the morning shaving-glass that your cheeks are gradually losing the ruddy tan on which you pride yourself so much; and now and then you feel a vague fluttering in the left side of your chest, which is a little disquieting.

"I'm getting out of condition!" you say, and straightway you make the excellent resolve to go into training.

But so many men make mistakes in training that it is sometimes better to abstain from it, unless you go in for it under the direction of a professional trainer, a thing which many men cannot afford to do. So that possibly the following hints gleaned by the writer from time to time from prominent athletic trainers may be of interest and service to many readers of THE MODERN MAN—the more the better.

One great mistake that most men make is to go right off things which they think are injurious immediately on starting to train. For instance, a man may take it into his head that potatoes are bad for him, and from that moment he will put them right out of his diet. But he will be surprised, probably, to find after a week or so that his "wind" has not benefited half as much as he had hoped it would. That is because he has irritated his stomach by abruptly depriving it of a food to which it had been for a long time accustomed. He should have abstained from potatoes gradually—that is, he should have eaten less and less at every meal until he had cut his allowance down to *nil*.

Another mistake is, when training for one particular sport, to take up a form of training which is used for another. For instance, many men, when they are training for football, go in for long runs across country. This is a great error, for you get quite enough running exercise from your practice games on the field; and what is more, cross-country running, though excellent for the wind, is not at all good as a training for football, as it tends to make you slow.

Many men, again, associate the word "training" with a diet rigidly reduced to a minimum. This, a great trainer once said to me, is one of the biggest errors you can make. Some men, far from cutting down their diet, ought to increase it.

It is quite pitiful, sometimes, to see bands of emaciated men and youths toiling along the city streets in running kit after business hours. Their gait is feeble, and their breath comes in laboured gasps, which are depressing to hear.

That is because they are "training" the wrong way. They are City clerks, who probably eat a bun with a glass of milk at 1 p.m., and a small chop or a slice of beef or mutton at 7 p.m. Probably, on starting "training," they have cut down the latter frugal meal with Spartan severity. Error! They should eat more—and take a glass of good nourishing stout with it—aye, and even a potato or two. Far from spoiling their "wind," such a diet will improve it.

Lastly, hundreds of men will do well, thoroughly strong and sound though they may be, to ask themselves whether they can stand training at all. Hundreds, nay thousands, of men only make themselves worse by training—and the reason of this is that, to start with, they are entirely sound in wind and limb. When all your organs are sound, and kept in good working order by your everyday life, it is the height of folly to undergo any system of training at all. A turn with the dumb-bells every morning, such as every Briton loves, is all you want.

R. C. EVERTON.

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DATE .....

THE MOLE-CATCHER.

A SKETCH.

Among the men who arouse my envy as I walk free of the city on brief week-end intervals of life among woods and through winding paths that lead to little villages and smaller hamlets, and often only to a single farmstead wrapped up in sheltering spinneys, the mole-catcher is one.

I am not keen, I hasten to add, to change my present occupation, though it is but that of a busy warehouse clerk, for that of mole-catching. For one thing it would not pay me, and for another thing I should not relish the task, that my friend "Moleskins" seems to enjoy, of taking dead moles from the traps and there and then performing a surgical operation for the purpose of preserving only the skin.

I confess to a weakness for a moleskin waistcoat. There is something indescribably comfortable about such a garment, and it will resist the keenest frost and keep one warm though six blizzards blow at once.

But I should hesitate to be my own mole slaughterer. No sportsman can help feeling a certain twinge as he puts to death any creature that is so soft and glossy as a mole. I shrink from it. But the word has gone forth that moles damage the farmer's fields and help to destroy pastures, and a hundred and one other sins are laid at the doors of these quaint creatures, with what justice I know not.

And so "Moleskins" finds a fairly regular, and what is to him a fairly remunerative, "job," one of its chief attractions being, I think, that it is somewhat irregular, and allows for long intervals of contemplation or of activity in other directions, such as the rabbit warren and pheasant coverts.

Not that I would suggest that "Moleskins," as he is known about here, is given to poaching persistently. Still, he has his severe temptations, for he is much alone with the wild, and with him, as with so many, temptation is the one thing he cannot resist. It is so easy for an odd rabbit snare or two to get mixed up with his mole-traps.

Still he does more mole-catching than poaching, or he would not keep his job and find himself in general demand from most of the landowners within a radius of six or seven miles of his cottage.

He is sufficiently sure of a living to refuse to bind himself to any one master. Independence, even in mole-catching, is sweet to him, and he regards himself as fortunate above his fellow-cottagers in that he can refuse work when it is offered, if he has enough to go on with.

He's a quaint fellow. Tall, even to lankiness, it would be more in keeping with the fitness of things if he caught birds in the tree-tops rather than moles in the earth.

I have sat for many an hour on the gate chatting with him on his life. The setting of a great private park with great beech-trees in clumps round about and an autumn crispness in the misty air fits him admirably.

He is not unlike a ripe russet apple in complexion, rough rather than ruddy, and not unlike a well-smoked side of bacon in the hue of his clean-shaven face.

He never uses the word "mole." The little creatures are "wants" to him, and he can discourse on their cunning ways of avoiding his slip-knot traps with the hazel branch for a spring to any length.

He has a leisurely stride as befits a man who is always moving to and fro on pastures, and his roomy coat can accommodate a great deal more than any day's catch of "wants."

As we walked towards the village when dusk came on, during our last chance meeting, he was in no hurry to reach the high road. I was not long searching for a reason.

"I won't be above a minute or so," he remarked quietly as he withdrew into the dusk of a plantation.

Shortly he returned, and—well, with a couple I had shot it helped to make one of the best rabbit pies I have ever tasted at my week-end farm.

M. BRUCE.

TOO MUCH MOTHERING

THE OVER-PROTECTED BOY.

I cannot quote chapter and verse, but I am under the impression that somewhere Herbert Spencer has declared that all protected things must perish.

Don't run away with the notion that I am about to launch into a panegyric on Free Trade, for I am not; but I should like to write a word of warning against the coddling that is becoming all too common among the mothers—and fathers, too, occasionally—of our middle-class boys. Heaven forfend that I should deprecate motherly love. No; but what I would insist upon is that mothers should love—wisely, and not too well.

What do I mean by wise maternal affection? I mean the love that shields its object from harm, but not from danger, for, if our boys are to become strong, virile men, they must live dangerous lives.

Ah, now I can imagine the cry of indignation from the fond mother!

"Dangerous lives, indeed! Does the man think that we are monsters?"

NOT GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

No, madam, I do not; but if you persist in coddling that lusty young five-year-old, in wrapping him against every breeze that blows, in keeping him within doors because the wind is too rough or the sun too hot, you are in a fair way to make a monstrosity of *him*.

And you, too, dear lady, who have forbidden your boy of twelve to go near the river, for fear he should be drowned; or to box, in case his aquiline nose should be damaged; or to play Rugger, lest he might break a limb—you are manufacturing an invertebrate which, once your supporting hand is removed, will collapse in a world in which the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong.

I may be accused of imagining vain things; I may be told that British matrons do not overmother their boys. I wish, for the sake of the Empire, that the accusation were true, and that I were guilty of unjustifiable exaggeration.

THE WORST CULPRITS.

There are, I admit, two classes to which the reproach as a whole does not apply—the poor and the rich. The poor do not mollycoddle their boys, because as a rule they have not the inclination to do so and they have not the money to do it with. Their sons form the rank and file of our Navy and Army.

The wealthy do not handicap their sons by overprotection because the public school tradition is against it. From their ranks come the officers of the sister Services.

But between these two small classes lies the great middle-class, which ranges from the higher-paid artisan to the tradesman, and even to the members of the learned professions. It is there that to-day the solicitude of the mother for her son's welfare threatens eventually to destroy him.

I can scarcely write against the maternal instinct which prompts its possessor to shield her darling at any cost from every possible danger; but if we, as a nation, are to produce strong, hardy, and brave men, that glorious instinct must be made subservient to reason.

It is not necessary—not possible, in fact—that children should be born strong, hardy, and brave; but strength may be bred, hardihood comes of experience, and bravery may be grafted on to the most timid nature, providing that the process is begun early in life. But if every opportunity is seized to check the rashness of the young male, then the mothers of to-day may be execrated in some future century for having created a nation of cowards.

A CASE IN POINT.

Possibly an instance that has come within my own knowledge may serve to illuminate my contention. A tradesman of my acquaintance married, and in the course of years four bonny boys came to brighten the home. The father had broken a leg in the old days of football, when hacking was part and parcel of the game, and in consequence he walked with a limp; but otherwise he was a robust full-lunged Englishman.

The mother, frightened, perhaps, because of her husband's mishap, persuaded him to prohibit football for his boys. She herself vetoed swimming, barred boxing, and, in fact, tabooed every manly sport in which the spice of danger adds to the enjoyment of its followers.

The boys developed from wild, harum-scarum kiddies into sedate, well-conducted young men. One after the other they were sent to the clerk's desk—the pater's apron was an eyesore to his spouse. To-day, what are they? One of them—the eldest—in a moment of despair opened his heart to me.

A COWARD'S COMPLAINT.

"Why," he asked, "did my parents allow me to grow up like this? If a horse ran away in the street I should not have pluck enough to attempt to stop it. If a bully insulted my sweetheart, I question if I should have nerve enough to strike him; and, if I had, the chances are that I should get a hiding. And—Heaven forgive me for saying so—this is all because of my mother's mollycoddling. If she had let me rough it as a child instead of checking me whenever she saw the slightest danger, I should have been a man to-day, or I should have broken my neck as a youngster. And that," he added, bitterly, "would have been better than to grow up a coward—for that is what I am."

Except that few will confess their weakness, as my poor young friend did, this is no extreme case. There are thousands of men to-day who, but for too much "mothering," might have been resolute, plucky fellows, upon whom their country could count in time of emergency.

All too often the "mothering" takes the form of not allowing the boy to do anything for himself. He is waited on and fussed over by a doting mother and not even allowed to travel alone until he has come to man's estate. Small wonder that he has no self-reliance!

THE REMEDY.

That is the cloudy side of the picture. But there is a silver lining. It is true there are many thousands of young men who, because of a protected childhood, because of their sedentary lives, threaten to become feeble, nerveless caricatures of manhood. But it is not too late for them to alter. I have seen timorous recruits changed in twelve months into plucky athletes by a course of drill, gymnastics, or riding school; and the youngster, who knows that at the back of his consciousness there is a fostered tendency to funk, may cure himself if he will first train nerve and muscle and then court the dangers he has been taught to shun.

Perhaps, too, the mother of sons who may read this article, before she condemns it, will pause and ask herself the question, "Am I training my boys to become men, or am I only adding to the army of mollycoddles?" For with her lies the future of the race.

FRANK J. STARR.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

STARTING SHARP.

To the man who is not in business there is a fascination in contemplating the commercial activity of others. That is why books dealing with the careers of business men are so popular with those who have not themselves entered the lists of business.

I have met University men who have told me that their greatest desire was to give up those studies which their parents were paying for, and to start in business, to make a living for themselves and to be independent.

The feeling is undoubtedly a worthy one and a natural one, for those who look at business life from the outside think only of the glamour of it and not of its monotonous grinding round of detail.

To them business life consists in bringing off brilliant and profitable deals, in impressive interviews, and in the social relaxation that at times breaks the business routine; but too often to the business man who is actually fighting his way, life contains very little except the routine. Interviews become to him merely a waste of time, which he will have to make up for by working later than usual; as for big deals, the demands of routine work scarcely leave him time to contemplate them at all except on Sundays and on holidays.

The business man who has fought his way to the top of the ladder, and who manages to get all the routine work done for him by other people, may experience some of the romance that is felt, or imagined, by those who have not yet started in business; but such men are few, and the majority of us have to plod along—wearily sometimes, and steadily always—from the time we start commercial life till that day of doubtful happiness when we lay it aside for ever and retire.

I am going to make the following suggestion to the average business man, whether he be an employer or an employee; it is one which does not apply to the business prince, but which I think applies to everyone else in the commercial world.

It is simply to start sharp in the morning.

When a man comes to his office half an hour later than usual—even if he be a principal, and need give no explanation to any one—he feels a certain amount of degradation. He feels that those he works with will begin to think that he is slacking. He may have the very best of reasons—ill-health or the slowness of a train through fog—but these reasons do not soothe his own business conscience.

It is very different when he arrives half an hour earlier than usual. Then he has opened those letters that he would have otherwise dealt with later in the day. He has got a start in hand, and the very feeling that he has cheated time helps to keep him up to the mark during the rest of the day.

Generally it happens that, if a man starts half an hour earlier than usual, he is able to drop work an hour sooner than is his custom. The mental element in the transaction of business is not sufficiently recognised. Routine is, as I have said, inevitable; but contrast the way in which you deal with routine work after a holiday, with the way in which you tackle it when you are tired out. When you start a little earlier in the morning, the work seems to break down as you touch it, and you experience the same feeling of energy that you possess after returning from your annual vacation.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

NOT PLAYING THE GAME.

The outside broker, in my opinion, seldom gets fair play. Members of the Stock Exchange, because they prove such dangerous competitors, can find nothing too bad to say of the dealers trading outside that institution. But the Stock Exchange has itself to blame in great measure for that.

London has neither a maximum nor a minimum scale of commission. Incidentally it is a real grievance that the London broker may undercut the provincial broker. But it is this state of never knowing what you may have to pay (and other things) that keeps many clients from the outside broker.

Can you wonder at the success of the outside man?

But I am leaving my point. The public also is guilty of not playing the game with the outside broker. Only the other day a client of an outside broker brought an action against him. He posed as a simpleton in Stock Exchange transactions, yet the real fact is that he is black-listed by all outside brokers who have had experience of him—and they are not few.

In a word, the man is an expert in sailing close to the wind in a transaction, and on the slightest excuse threatens to take action.

The outside broker knows the futility of such a course.

Only the other day a judge, during the hearing of a case in which an outside broker was sued, expressed a very unkind opinion of these people. In fact, this legal luminary is notorious for his prejudice against outside brokers.

Can it be wondered at, therefore, if the outside broker fights shy of going to law, even with a strong case? He is necessarily, therefore, often the prey of unscrupulous people who realise this.

GERSON, HAMSON & CO.—S. R. (Willesden)—If you accept the £1 you make the recovery of the balance a civil debt, and they can plead the Gaming Act.

BERT M. (Battersea)—You must distinguish between assertion and argument. What proof will they give you? Can you see all the original cheques—if so, that ought to be good enough. I know one firm that will produce any cheque, but they have many copyists who can be detected because they dare not say so much.

CONSOLS.—W. H. (Brighton)—They have gone up since I tipped them. Still, I think markets generally are going to be healthy. (1) No good. (2) Doubtful. (3) See answer to H. W. (Dover), Dec. 18.

NOVICE.—The option method can be very useful, but you should only apply it to an active stock or something you know is going to move. Option money is not returnable.

R. H. N. (London)—£50 would soon go in differences with an inside broker. Have nothing to do with premium bonds. They are illegal, and you would probably pay more than the market price for them through a Continental dealer.

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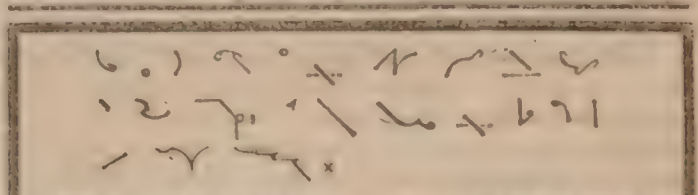

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THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

V. SCOOPING THE POOL.

It was only a few nights after our second little adventure with the ambitious diplomat Herr von Vonderberger that I had my first quarrel with Ferris.

Psychologically speaking, there is nothing like a quarrel for showing up the true nature of a man, and in the case of friends it frequently leads to a better understanding of one another and a closer welding of the bonds of friendship.

It was so with Ferris, though, writing to-day, with all the strange experiences that we went through together in my mind, I must candidly admit that there were ever complexities in his personality that baffled me.

He was an extraordinary mixture of cautiousness and reckless daring, of unprincipled villainy and unexpected niceties of honour, of kindness and callousness.

Yet, withal, there was the irresistible fascination of his manner, his handsome face, with its lurking smile—a smile which grew more evident when devilment was in contemplation, his absolute fearlessness and indifferences to consequences when once he had set his mind upon achieving some purpose.

The quarrel was useful in that it revealed yet another facet of his scintillating character, and it also persuaded him to do what so far he had never done—namely, to acquaint me in advance with what his plans for his next scheme were.

His failure to do so on previous occasions was, I am convinced, due to that vein of secretiveness which is inseparable from the innate criminal, and not to any lack of trust in me.

It would be idle for me to pretend that by now I had not entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the game it was the pleasure of the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., to play.

Its allurement had conquered me; the danger, far more than the prospect of profit, thrilled me as never the wildest gamble had done (and I have been an inveterate gambler all my days), and that night I remember I took my part with real and unashamed enjoyment in an episode which for sheer boldness and effrontery Ferris probably never eclipsed.

* * * * * * *

He was playing the piano to himself when, according to custom, I went down to his rooms early in the evening, dressed and ready for whatever recreation there might be in store. The Parliamentary recess was on, and it was seldom that a night was free from one social function or another.

Letting myself into his flat with the key with which he had provided me, I went along the carpeted passage and opened the door of his sitting-room.

So engrossed was he in his playing that evidently he had not heard me. His body was swaying gently, and from his restless hands issued, as it seemed, a veritable cascade of liquid music.

I listened and watched him, and all at once an impulse came to me to give him a fright.

Perhaps I wanted to test his nerve, to startle him out of his steel-cased composure. Whatever it was, I obeyed the boyish impulse without a thought.

"Mr. Ferris," said I, in a gruff, unnatural voice, "I regret to say that I hold a warrant for your arrest on a charge of burglary."

His shoulders ceased swaying, and appeared to go rigid, though for several seconds the music continued without a break.

Then he was round on his chair, his face livid, the eyes glittering under lowered brows like twin points of flame. I was ready to laugh at the success of my trick, but his words stopped me.

"You fool!" he hissed. "You accursed idiot!"

Jumping up, he came close to me, and for a moment I braced myself for a blow.

"What do you mean," he went on in a low tone of fury, "by talking of a thing like that?"

I began a stammered apology, but he interrupted.

"A joke!" he echoed fiercely, "a joke at the top of your voice, when there might be anybody in the passage! Don't you know the servants in the place have free access to the flat, and any one of them might be in one of the rooms? Don't you know that would be a point in my favour if anything came out? The swag? Where I hide that is my own affair, and I defy the shrewdest detective in Scotland Yard to find it in a month."

He pushed me roughly aside and stood in the doorway. Then he left me and went into the three other rooms of the flat in turn.

He was back almost at once, and the anger had gone from his face.

"Burke, old chap," he said, softly closing the door, "I gave you credit for more sense than that. How could you tell but what I had a friend here, perhaps washing his hands in the bedroom? A trifling slip like that, and we're done for bad and all. All right, now!"

He slapped my shoulder cheerily, and returned to his seat at the piano, while I sat down with a sullenness which came from having no defence.

Apparently he felt this, for, after tinkling idly at the notes, he presently called over his shoulder to me to go through our engagements for the evening.

"The Dulworth Conservative Association," I answered, after consulting the diary which I kept for this purpose.

"Yes. It's their annual dinner. A dismal affair, but exigencies of Party make it unavoidable. What time?"

"Eight-thirty."

"Then we can get away soon after ten. What else?"

"The Mason's ball?"

"No."

"Lady Barringmore's crush?"

"Yes; we'll look in there for an hour. The dissolute old dame has made me one of her protégés, you know, and she's got the ear of old Mellisham."

"No more," I concluded, shutting the book, "except that fellow Devereux's gathering, and there'll be no time for that."

"You're wrong, Burke," he answered, with the soft pedal down. "The fun doesn't begin at his place until the small hours. We'll go on there after leaving Lady Barringmore's."

"Very well," said I, caring little where we went or what we did. The memory of my late folly was still galling me, particularly the way in which he had taken it.

"Archibald Devereux is a queer fish," said Ferris, above the soft melody rippling from his fingers.

"I suppose he is the best portrait painter in London," said I.

"Possibly. He is certainly the worst libertine in that not altogether virtuous city. I'll tell you a bit about him, Burke, if you'll make yourself comfortable and put that trivial indiscretion entirely out of your mind.

"He's a refined sensualist, who talks Art with a big 'A.' A sleek, fleshy person, a flâneur, a dandy with an insipid, childless wife and a dozen or two nameless children.

(The music grew louder—like a song with a sneer in it, though Ferris's tone was indolent.)

"He's a man with a witty tongue and a black heart, a gentleman who makes a lackey of his genius and an emperor of his lust. It ought to be the other way about, old chap."

(A crashing, decisive chord, and the introduction of a subtle, suggestive theme.)

"He interests me. He is an extravagant specimen of an abnormal type—positively an illuminant of the darkest, foulest depths that human creature can descend to. I don't know whether you are aware, Burke, that man, for all his divinity, has a gift of degradation possessed by no other species, excepting, perhaps, monkeys.

"It's an unsavoury topic, and I won't pursue it. The one recompense for it lies in that white-whiskered adage that birds of a feather, etcetera. Devereux, of course, attracts to himself individuals of a similar plumage, and it is not for us to condemn their colouring.

"The only complaint I have against him is that on one occasion he had the unmitigated impertinence to assume that *I* might be inclined to join the flock.

(Quicker time—with a metallic ring in the theme, like the sound of a sword being loosened in its scabbard.)

"In the lamb-like innocence of my heart," continued Ferris easily, "I went to a little entertainment at his house. Phœbus, the novelty of his habits! You needn't hear details, but there were men and women there who by birth and associations ought to have known better. They called their abandonment Art, but, by G—d, I could have found a truer name for it."

He ceased talking, and the sudden anger of the music told the rest. I could feel his spurt of blood at the insult, could see the one backward step, his hand again on the hilt, and—at last—the blade flashed bare. It was all in the music, and, while yet the picture held me, Ferris had risen and turned. Pale and impenetrable as his face was, the humour had fled from his lips and his eyes were ablaze.

Nevertheless, he leaned against the piano with folded arms, to put into words what I knew was coming, and his voice was ironical as ever.

"At the time I simply determined not to go again—no, I never have the inclination to play the puritanical objector; I merely avoid what I dislike—but I hadn't you for a partner then, Burke, and I think they're fair game, don't you? He has invited me again, you see, and I promised you there will be plenty there to make it worth our while to go. The ladies are somewhat vulgarly bejewelled, but we will try to scoop the pool by appropriating all that the gentlemen possess as well."

Throughout I had spoken nothing, but now he paused for my reply, and I nodded.

"You don't ask how," he observed quizzically.

"You don't trouble to tell me as a rule," said I, with a trace of bitterness. "I play dummy, and that seems sufficient."

His face softened.

"Is it like that, old Irishman?" said he. "Then you shall hear this time, and more than one lead shall come from you."

And, drawing up a chair to mine, he talked to me earnestly for several minutes.

* * * * * * *

Archibald Devereux was a wealthy man, and he received us in a drawing-room as beautiful for its artistic taste as it was peculiar in many ways.

There were paintings and statuary about to delight the eye of the most expert connoisseur, and in the centre of the room hung a magnificent crystal chandelier, shedding a brilliant light from innumerable electric candles. The most curious feature, however, was a semi-circular platform erected against one of the side walls—a miniature stage, unfurnished, except for the crimson plush curtains hanging from the ceiling at the back.

My eyes travelled first to this because of what Ferris had told me of the dancing and other

exhibitions given thereon, then they took in what he had asked me to note—the big casement windows opposite the double doors through which we had entered, the door on the left just beyond the stage, and the electric switchboard by it.

It was done at a glance, and then I was acknowledging my introduction to our host. A moment or two later I had time to take stock of the other guests.

It was a large apartment, and there must have been fully a couple of score of people present, many of them at card-tables, while the rest sat on lounges or chairs, chatting gaily. It had just the appearance of a pleasant informal reception, with the high note in voices and laughter that told that wine had been flowing generously.

Little notice was taken of our entrance, and after Ferris had refused for us both an invitation to a hand at bridge, we were free to converse and smoke as we liked.

Ferris wandered away shortly, and I found myself watching the play at one of the tables and exchanging intermittent remarks with a bronze-haired woman in green. Truth to tell, I was in a state of tense anticipation which it took all my powers of control to conceal. To this day I haven't the faintest idea what that woman talked about to me.

It was shortly after 1 a.m. when we arrived, and at five minutes to two, according to Ferris's instruction, I had one—just one—brandy-and-soda. Throughout the night I had drunk sparingly of light wines.

Ferris strolled up to offer me a cigarette at that moment and to make a casual remark.

"The windows are fastened and bolted all right," he said, "and the servants have been sent to bed." Then he strolled on.

At two o'clock Archibald Devereux mounted the three steps leading to the platform, and with his hands under his swallow-tails, a smile on his full lips, begged the players to finish their games as soon as possible so that undivided attention might be given to the entertainment about to take place.

As to what transpired during the next hour I do not care to be anything but brief. The guests were the performers, and during their "turns" the lights went out, except for the row of footlights round the semi-circular stage, and these were blood-red. In between the "turns" the chandelier blazed again, and there was much applause, much ribald amusement, and much of what Ferris would have called "illuminant" observation.

Ferris and I were together on a divan close by the door near the stage. The switchboard was a couple of feet or so away, and it was Devereux who left his chair to manipulate it, switching off the white light and turning on the red, or *vice versâ*, as necessity demanded.

All this time I looked on, my blood on the burn for *our* part of the fun to begin; and once I ventured to whisper under my breath to Ferris—"*When?*"

"Wait," he answered, in the same key; and in the darkness I felt the firm pressure of his hand on my knee.

Desire to show their terpsichorean powers was now exciting the guests to noisy rivalry each time an interval came. We were without doubt the only sober people in the room, though our applause and comment were as loud as any.

And at length the moment for which Ferris had waited with such amazing patience came.

In the centre of the room a knot of guests had congregated round Devereux, animatedly discussing the last performance and arguing about the one to come. The matter was settled; men and women returned to their seats, and I to mine. But Ferris had gone, gone swiftly and silently through the door by the stage.

I looked about in a fever of anxiety. Had anyone noticed his absence? Would they notice it now? No; all eyes were intent on the stage, as Ferris had foretold they would be. Indeed, it is probable that no one recollected then that he had been there at all.

I sat all through the next period of red-lit stage and surrounding darkness with nerves tautened to the highest strain. If Ferris succeeded in his dare-devil plan, all well and good! If he failed, it meant, as he had facetiously put it in the vernacular—"a long stretch for us."

But he did not fail.

With that perfection of action with which he had carried out all his coups, gauging to a hair's breadth his own powers and their effect upon others, so he carried out this one.

The white lights came again, a flushed and breathless lady jumped lightly off the stage, and even before the applause had finished I saw the double doors swing open and close again, and a clear voice of pronounced nasality cut the air.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll trouble you all to face this way and to throw up your hands. The first man that forgets I'll drill."

And there, with his back to the door, each extended hand holding a revolver, was an individual in evening dress, masked from brow to chin.

There was an instant's stupefaction and a single shriek. Then slow obedience. There are surely none who fear death like the morally guilty.

"Stop you there!" rang a sharp command, and I halted within a foot of the electric switches. I was not going to let anyone put out the lights till *our* fun was over. My hands went up as one of the revolvers described a small circle.

"Thank you, ladies," came twangily. "You can put 'em down now. There's no harm threatenin' for anybody as keeps docile. The men will line up in pairs, please," he went on coolly. "Slick's the word."

And the baleful muzzles of the revolvers wandered here and there, covering all.

Then he stepped forward leisurely, swept the ornaments off a small table with an arm, and stepped back again.

"The gentlemen first, to set a good example," he said dryly. "All your valuables, boys, and don't be modest, unless you want to see hell oversudden. *Quick!*"

One eye narrowed over one trigger.

I advanced, knowing the spell of terror complete, and began to empty my pockets on the table.

"Cigarette-cases and watches no use to me, sonny," he interrupted. "Gold cash, rings, studs, and chains'll do. *Thank* you. Next. I'm an impatient man, let me tell you."

Another followed suit, then another, and the procession became an anxious rush and retreat. Evidently proximity to the revolver caused discomfort.

"Now the ladies. Neck-chains and hair-ornaments and——"

"No, by *gad!*" came heatedly from someone, and my hand jumped an inch towards the switches. Come trouble, and I would see there was darkness immediately.

"*And* bangles," continued the masked man, with an American accent there was no mistaking. ("Idiotic fallacy that all Yankees can shoot," observed Ferris afterwards.)

"I protest," said another indignantly.

"It's the last protest you'll make if you move your jaw again," was the cynical retort. "Now, ladies. Don't be upset about it. The toffs will buy you some more to-morrow. *Thank* you. I call you nervey, missy."

The pile on the table mounted up, and still the intruder kept up his caustic remarks, controlling all with his icy coolness and the death that lay condensed within his weapons.

"That'll do," he concluded pleasantly, and advancing to the table he placed one revolver on it and calmly proceeded to fill his pockets. Then he backed slowly to the door.

I caught a sudden stir of unrest among the lined-up men, a whisper or two from the thronged women, and I knew that Ferris had passed the fine point of mastery.

"All turn!" rang the stern command. "Right about face everyone."

I was the first to wheel, and the first to wheel again.

"By the saints, he's gone," I yelled, and made a rush for the door.

"It'll be locked," came a shout.

"Not it!" I cried. And it wasn't.

A draught of air met us from the open front door as we all tumbled into the hall.

We tore down the short gravel path to the gate and out on to the road. A bright moon was out, and there was nobody to be seen.

"He'll be in the house," called Ferris from behind, and he caught and nipped my arm as we ran back.

Already Devereux was telephoning incoherently for the police, and we had searched the house high and low when they arrived.

* * * * * * *

"My loss?" queried Ferris, when it came to his turn to give information to the officer with the notebook. "A diamond stud; that's all. Fortunately I am not in the habit of wearing much jewellery."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

Even if there is only a small space of ground at the back of your house, it is quite possible to grow either vegetables or flowers in frames.

A near neighbour of mine goes in for French gardening on a tiny scale.

He has a fair-sized lean-to greenhouse, and the rest of the space is taken up with frames.

A frame is quite an easy thing to make and to manage, though the greenhouse is, of course, a little more difficult, and the novice may as well confine himself to the frame.

Pieces of wood for the sides, a perforated sheet of zinc for a shelf and another sheet for the bottom with a place for a small lamp are the materials required.

Get a bit of lead piping for a chimney to allow of the smoke escaping if the lamp should get into difficulties, as paraffin lamps have a nasty habit of doing.

Make a glass lid, fit it with hinges—bits of old leather will do in the absence of skill or time to fit proper ones.

Then fill the frame with pots containing the plants it is intended to force—tomatoes, for instance, or cucumbers; or delicate seedlings can be brought very forward in this way.

Every gardener takes pride in producing something out of season, and a simple frame of this kind will enable him to do wonders.

Besides, it helps him to get his seedlings ready for early summer flowering.

Several of these frames can be made—say, one for flowers and one for vegetables, or one for seeds and another for slips, and so on. If, however, it is considered too much trouble to make a frame—or the heating should prove an obstacle, any sort of a box with a sheet of glass laid over the top of it can be used to force seedlings and also to protect delicate plants from frost.

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JUDGING A MAN by HIS BUTTONHOLE

FLOWERS THAT BETRAY THE WEARER.

It is quite possible to judge a man by his floral appendage—to judge, I mean, not only the probable amount of his income or the extent of his taste, but the man's inner self.

In his choice of a button-hole he gives away the key to his character. It betrays his pursuits, his virtues, and certainly his failings.

But the man who habitually wears a button-hole is a better man than the one who looks upon it as foppish, or regards its purchase as a waste of money.

In the course of a conversation with a West-End florist, the information was volunteered that the trade in button-holes was nothing to what it was in the past.

Then every well-dressed man sported one, now it is almost entirely confined to certain classes.

Fashion has decreed that for evening wear the button-hole is taboo.

THE GREEN CARNATION.

This is ascribed, rightly or wrongly, by common tradition to what was once known as the cult of the Green Carnation, whose members brought the inoffensive button-hole into grave disrepute—so much so, that our tailors to-day make no proper provision in dress suits for a floral decoration, and if men are lucky enough to obtain a lady's favour they put it into their pocket.

To be sure, artists pay no attention to sartorial laws, and in pictures it is by no means uncommon to see a man in evening dress sporting a flower.

Of course, for morning wear a button-hole is still "the thing," if the fancy of the individual approves. A button-hole gives a finish to a man's toilet, and the man who is accustomed to one scarcely feels dressed without it, for the wearing of it becomes a habit.

An anecdote will best illustrate this. A certain wrongly-accused man was noted for his quiet taste in dress. When the Government at last awoke and acknowledged its error, and he was a free man once more, the first visit he paid was to his florist, with the request for his "usual button-hole"—a tuberose.

A CRUEL TRICK.

In connection with this same flower a practical joke was once played on a man whose favourite button-hole was this delicate white blossom.

A friend presented him with a choice specimen, and he went gaily off to pay his addresses to his best girl.

He begged her in the course of the evening to admire its perfections, and she bent her head to inhale the perfume of "the sweetest flower for scent that blows," according to Shelley, when she drew away from him with every expression of disgust, uttering one word, "Onions."

True enough, the wag had cleverly fashioned the semblance of a tuberose out of some small onions, wired it together with an ivy leaf, and the lover's olfactory organ, not being in so good working order as his lady-love's, had failed to detect the imposture.

The favourite flowers, barring the orchid and, of course, the rose, would appear to be the carnation, the gardenia, and the tuberose.

The fop generally sports a showy button-hole. The vulgar upstart likes to have as much as possible for his money. The cad mixes his colours without taste, and makes his button-hole as much like a badge as possible.

SIZE PREFERRED.

The rustic lover has been known to prefer a peony to a rose, while the coster bent on courtship thinks a full-blown cabbage rose completes what the buttons begin.

But the collier of the Black Country likes a passion-flower in his Sunday coat.

The larger the button-hole, the louder its wearer's taste. A small, neat one usually denotes a quiet, gentlemanly individual.

The orchid is the millionaire's choice, and the man who dons an orchid habitually or who never wears any other flower, may be reckoned to be a personage who must have "the highest" as regards this world's goods—though whether he "loves the highest" in a moral sense must be an open question.

There is another class of man who sports the orchid—the young dog about town whose tastes are not always in accord with his means, and who looks upon the orchid as "the correct button-hole, don't you know." He may be known by the significant fact that his orchid is a bit faded, with an "up-all-night" air about it quite different from the millionaire's freshly-cut bloom.

THE BUTTON-HOLE AND SPORT.

Sporting men are still true to the button-hole, from His Majesty downwards.

The politician, too, seems to find a flower in his coat a necessity.

The lady's man is nearly always a devotee of the button-hole, a tiny rosebud or stephanotis being his choice—presumably because there is an affinity between women and flowers.

The old roué prefers the camellia, doubtless on account of its old associations—otherwise this beautiful flower is not in vogue.

The well-to-do City man is always resplendent with a flower in his coat—a good-sized carnation of a vivid hue being his fancy generally.

The lily of the valley is a favourite with many, and so is a tiny bunch of Parma violets.

One reason that has been put forward to explain the decreasing sale of button-holes is the motor craze. Button-holes don't go well with fur and leather coats.

THE HORSEY MAN'S FLOWER.

But the horsey man, be he the driver of his own four-in-hand or the humble 'bus-driver, usually sports a flower.

A button-hole, to be in perfect taste, should be fresh; a wilted flower should be discarded at once.

Little glass tubes can be obtained to fit into the buttonhole and keep the flowers in water.

There is a certain stock button-hole which used to be displayed in second-rate florists' windows on a black velvet shield side by side with a huge spray for the adornment of the fair ones consisting of a rose, a few lilies of the valley, and a spray of maidenhair-fern. What manner of man would he be who would go about to-day thus decorated?

It is possible, of course, to make a button-hole of any flower; but only a Verdant Green would don a knot of forget-me-nots in town, and even a frosty country walk would hardly excuse a man who wore holly berries in his coat to match the season!

C. D. WILTON.

THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

SOME FACTS ABOUT A FINE SERVICE.

At the present time, when so many young men are on the waiting list of the Territorials and others are eating their hearts out because they cannot join for some reason or other, I should like to advise them to turn their thoughts to Naval Volunteering.

At present there are a few vacancies in the London Division, and also in the divisions round the coast, and for the young man who has that inborn feeling for the sea, which most Englishmen have—I can assure him he would have a most interesting and instructive time, as well as being of service to the country.

My personal experience has been that it is the finest thing I have ever touched on in my life. The instruction you receive is a great help in your civil work, and your employer must think more of a man who knows how to tie knots and splices properly, and has learnt the many other handy tips that the R.N.V.R. can teach.

The variety of work is its chief attraction, including heavy gun drill, rifle shooting, boat-pulling, signalling, knotting, splicing, squad drilling, sailing, and the general work of a battleship.

The headquarters are at Commercial Wharf, Commercial Road, Lambeth, where every information is given to likely recruits. Recruits are medically examined and enrolled every Thursday evening.

The conditions are not at all strict; you are compelled to do a minimum of forty drills per annum—two can be put in in one evening—and also to attend the annual inspection.

Opportunities are given for all efficients to serve with the Fleet, should they wish to do so, for fourteen or twenty-eight days. There is the training ship—H.M.S. Buzzard—moored off the Embankment, where the men are taught the different parts of a ship, so that they will not feel lost when they get aboard a battleship.

Generally each of the ten sections serve on the Buzzard for a fortnight at a time, sleeping on board and going to business during the day.

For service afloat you are sent to Chatham or Sheerness to join a certain ship—and very often you are put aboard the most recently built. In 1903 some went on the Dreadnought, and last year on the more improved pattern of Dreadnoughts, such as the Temeraire.

The pay while afloat is about 12s. per week and all found, 1lb. of tobacco can be bought for 1s., and half a pint of diluted rum is allowed after dinner every day. And a right royal welcome you receive; the seamen are of the real chummy sort—indeed, on the whole, it is an ideal holiday, and there is the satisfaction of knowing that you have served on one of the finest battleships in the world.

Although you are only compelled to do forty drills, there are some young fellows who have put in 400 in one year. Prizes are given for those who do the greatest number of drills, and also for the different competitions that take place from time to time.

I hope this article will be the means of getting some fellow-readers to have some of the enjoyment I have had with the R.N.V.R.

In 1908 a number of men went with the ships to Canada, when the Prince of Wales sailed on the Indomitable. Three weeks on the ocean is a very welcome change for the man who is used to being shut up in an office all day.

Opportunities are given to young fellows of seeing the world, such as they could never afford in civil life. I understand there is to be a cruise to New York, and another to South Africa, when Naval Volunteers will be allowed to serve.

A field gun competition is held at Olympia every year, where the different divisions compete one against another.

At Easter time the Brighton Division invites the London Division down for four days, and some very interesting work is done between them.

ROBERT ALEXANDER.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. J. G. (Colwyn Bay).—To get work on a fishing smack at one of the Cornwall or Devonshire ports, it would be necessary for you to take your luck in your hands and go to some likely place such as Penzance. You cannot get a job of this type by advertising for it, but must make application on the spot. All the same, is it altogether wise for you to give up your present employment? A bird in the hand, etc.

H. W. G. (Newcastle).—Six months is now the usual period for a man to wear mourning for a deceased father.

A. J. (Stretford).—To get your face free from blemishes, be careful to eat only those things that agree with you; take plenty of exercise; get as much fresh air as possible; sleep with your bedroom window open.

R. O. (York).—The trouble is that you have brought your dog up badly, and it will be difficult for you to cure him of running off through the fields on his own when you take him for a walk. Try for a bit taking him out on the lead; then in a week or two let him accompany you without the lead, but do not allow him to leave your side.

W. P. F. (Redhill).—Sorry that we allowed one of our contributors to refer to a foxhound as a dog; but possibly the character into whose mouth he put the expression was intentionally depicted as ignorant of hunting customs.

E. F. B. (Atlantic Fleet).—We are astounded to learn the facts you disclose. We had no idea that such things went on in the Navy. If you will give us the evidence in your possession you shall have our guarantee that your name will not be disclosed in connection with the matter, but we reserve the right to deal with the evidence in the way that we consider best.

G. B. (Cambridge).—You want to know of a non-intoxicating drink that a teetotaller can take when a friend invites him to have a refresher. Good non-intoxicating drinks of the type that you can buy in a public-house are very few. Tea, coffee, milk, beef-tea, and water are all excellent, but under the circumstances you name you would probably find dry ginger ale suit your purpose best.

C. H. (Kettering).—We should hardly advise you to adopt singing as a profession. The possession of a good voice is, like the possession of any other artistic asset, a danger. It tempts a man to earn his living by means of it, when very often he would be able to make much more money at something else.

G. D. T. (Wimbledon).—As to whether fountain-pens with nibs or those of the stylographic variety are the best is a matter which you yourself must decide. A pen fitted with a nib is sometimes liable to spurt if you happen to catch the point in the paper; but a stylographic pen also possesses its weaknesses. There is no doubt, however, that fountain-pens are infinitely superior to the old-fashioned kind.

E. S. (Oban).—The next time you have your horse shod, get his fore hoofs trimmed down a little and you will find him much less liable to stumble.

H. L. (Nuneaton).—As Mr. Mitchell has frequently said, his reason for giving new exercises each week is that he is a very strong believer in variety in the matter of physical culture. He advocates the taking up of each new exercise, but he also advises you to keep up the former exercises from which you have derived benefit.

R. W. (Dudley).—You are asking too much when you request a cure for a drunken landlady. What we should advise is that you should get fresh diggings as soon as possible.

R. F. (Newport, Mon.).—It is not the climbing of ropes that skins a man's hands, but the foolish practice followed by many novices at gymnastics of sliding down the rope rapidly after they have climbed as far as they intend to.

[*Many replies are unavoidably held over.*]

DRAWING-ROOM STRONG MEN

FEATS THAT ARE NOT AS DIFFICULT AS THEY SEEM.

All readers of Mr. Mitchell's page will no doubt be anxious to try that strength they have derived from following the exercises as given therein. The first feat I shall give the key of is one that always takes well on account of its apparent difficulty—the tearing in two of a pack of fifty-two cards.

The following is the correct way to do it. In the first place, a good grip is essential, and a fairly large hand is an advantage if more than one pack is to be torn at once, but for encouragement to the physical culturist I may state that by carefully following my instructions you can easily tear one pack of cards.

I strongly urge you to see that the tips of the fingers are used in pressing on the face of the cards, and also that you leave as much space as possible between the hands. The right hand takes a similar hold on the cards to the left, bearing in mind that one hand must be worked in the opposite direction to the other.

The right and left hand corners should be pressed into the fleshy part of the hands just below the thumb.

With regard to the "kink," this is the most important point of the whole of the position, for without it it is impossible to tear a single pack. The left hand presses towards you, whilst the right presses away, thus a "kink" is brought into the cards, but only if sufficient room has been left between the fingers.

As soon as a "kink" is made, place the hands on thigh and hold cards with right hand (using it as a vice, and tear with left). If the cards stick, work your thumb in between and they will then tear. Put the pressure on in jerks, not a steady tear. Glazed cards are more difficult to tear than unglazed, but a little powdered resin will remove even this difficulty. This "feat" always makes a great hit.

"FINGER-LIFTING."

Another effective feat is "finger-lifting." Get a friend to stand in the centre of the room and ask him to take a deep breath, and hold it whilst you raise him up.

To do this place one finger of your right hand, and one finger of your left under his foot, and get a friend to do likewise with the other foot. Count ten seconds and then lift, and to the astonishment of all present the man will fly upwards. Strength to a certain extent is essential, but if the man holds his breath the feat is quite easy.

Get two strong chairs, the heavier the better, place them back to back about twenty-four inches apart, and perform a half-circle by bringing legs above the head. The chairs must be held with a powerful grip, and as the legs are going up, lower the shoulders, without touching the hands, and then straighten the arms to their fullest extent.

You had better try this at home or in the gym. first, as even your best friend will not be exactly pleased if you succeed in smashing a few of his or her best ornaments. The only danger is that you will in all probability come a cropper the first time or two you try it, but get a friend to hold your legs until you get the "hang" of the thing.

AN EASY FEAT.

Place the fingers together and press them well together. Now get a friend to take hold of your wrists and try to *press* your fingers apart. It cannot be done! The only thing you have to fear is that he will put the pressure on by jerks, *then* the fingers will part. However, tell him he must not jerk, and you will find out that your fingers *stick* as if they are glued together.

A variation of this apparent feat is to place the hands together, locked in Cumberland and Westmorland wrestling style, with the hands hooked into each other by means of the bent fingers, and to have a rope passed under the armpits, and then get four, five, or six men to pull at the rope and try and separate your fingers. They cannot do it unless they *jerk* the rope; a thing you must tell them not to do, otherwise they will probably injure you.

I have endeavoured to give you an idea of how to get a reputation as a "strong man," and if you follow these simple instructions you will have no difficulty whatever.

The only thing that is demanded is this: keep yourself fit by exercises. Pick a few out of this paper—fresh ones appear each week—and practise them. You will surprise both yourself and your friends at the difference in your health, strength, and—say it softly—beauty.

A pale and spotty complexion will soon give place to a rosy and clear one—the face of the healthy man and trained athlete.

Moreover, your social value will go up if you can entertain your friends with these apparently Herculean feats.

J. THURLBY.

BUTTONS.

Every man knows what it is to be confronted with the problem of a lost button. Occasionally it is lost from some place that matters considerably, but that is by the way.

It is an ancient tradition that a man cannot sew on a button, but this is all nonsense, for a man can sew on a button even if he be an absolute novice, almost as well as the most expert needlewoman. Generally, in fact, he makes more certain of his knots than she does.

The average man is quite competent to sew on a button, but there are times when the matter of sewing one on is extremely inconvenient, for needle and thread and scissors are not always to hand.

It is a capital plea for every man to keep somewhere in his office, or wherever his daily work may take place, a few of those patent buttons which can be got from any draper, and which are sold by hawkers in the London streets at about a dozen for a penny.

All you have to do is to push a sort of stud right through the garment and to press upon the head of it a flat button which is fitted with a spring centre and which, on being pressed down, remains upon the stud securely.

Possibly in time the small butt of the stud will work through the cloth, but a button of this description is none the less excellent for temporary repairs.

It is generally when you are dressing or undressing that you snap a button off. Instead of knowing it wrathfully into the fireplace, have a look for that button and put it in some handy drawer for future use.

Even where buttons do not show, as in the case of underwear, a man likes to have all on one garment of the same kind, and he can insure their being so by keeping the old ones.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE "HOPETOUN" SCARF.

The average man is apt to get very tired of everlastingly tying his tie in a sailor's knot, and if he is a town dweller, and so unable to wear a stock, he has not much variety open to him.

The Ascot scarf or stock tie, which is tied in exactly the same manner as the hunting stock, is one possibility, but it cannot be worn with a double collar, and is not always easy to put on.

There is a method of tying the scarf, however—called, I believe, the "Hopetoun"—which is really much easier even than a sailor's knot.

The process, indeed, is exactly the same, except that instead of finally passing the upper end of the scarf through the centre of the knot, it is allowed to fall straight down and is fixed with a pin.

This arrangement is possible with any open-ended tie, and can be worn with any collar, though it looks best, I think, with one of the wing variety.

It provides a slight variation from the ordinary knot, and is very easily tied, though many men refrain from using it either from a lack of originality which forbids them to try anything new, or from a mistaken idea that it is difficult to tie, or takes a long time.

But if you propose to wear a "fall" tie, see that you tie it yourself. Steer clear of the made-up abominations that are sold—some even without a strap to go round the collar, but fitted with a loop to hitch on to the front stud with a double collar.

KNITTED WAISTCOATS.

The vogue of the fancy waistcoat is no longer what it was, but it will be many years before it disappears altogether from fashion.

For a winter waistcoat there is nothing like a knitted woollen one, which is at the same time smart and warm.

This is obviously an opportunity for the lady friend of whom I have spoken so often. A bought waistcoat never seems quite the same thing as one of which the material has been knitted for you by fair fingers.

I have spoken of "knitted" waistcoats, but really the most effective kind is not really knitted but worked with thick wool on a wide-meshed canvas. This background, which should preferably be of some dark colour, is picked out with dots of some lighter coloured silk.

There is much scope for the exercise of good or bad taste in the choice of colours. One of the most effective waistcoats of this type that I have seen had a dark blue background relieved by tiny spots of light green silk. The edges were bound with dark blue cloth about an inch and a quarter in breadth and the opening was cut rather high.

The stiff canvas on which the front of the vest is made up gives a look of greater development to the chest and keeps the waistcoat in better shape than would be possible if the front were simply of knitted wool.

It is not cheap to have a waistcoat made up to order in this way, but it should last for years. You will be lucky if you get a tailor to do the job for less than half a guinea, while many will demand a guinea for it.

FOR MOTORISTS AND OTHERS.

I saw the other day an excellent form of head-dress for motoring and driving in the country in winter.

I say "in the country," for if worn in the town it is liable to lead to facetious remarks about Polar exploration and so on, but as a protection against weather it is admirable.

It was made of a fleecy wool of a dark green colour, though other colours are no doubt obtainable.

It was made after the fashion of what, when ladies wear it at any rate, is called an Engadine cap, although, having a peak, it more resembled the style of head-gear that Bill Sykes is usually represented as wearing.

It was so arranged, however, that in excessive cold or bad weather a sort of vizor could be pulled down so as to envelop the face and head, all except the eyes and nose, for which a crescent-shaped aperture is left.

Thus not only are the ears and the back of the head protected, but the rush of air is kept from the mouth.

This kind of hood is exceptionally useful for motoring, driving, or even cycling after dark in cold weather, and is to be recommended to all countrymen whose work or sport may take them out in the chilly winter nights, or in rain, wind, or snow.

COAT BAGS.

I have referred before to the desirability of hanging up coats which are not in use—especially those which are but rarely worn, such as dress coats, morning coats, and so on.

A coat should never be folded up in a drawer for any length of time, but should be hung on a coat hanger, and not by the loop at the collar, which is also only for temporary use.

But it is not everyone who has a dustproof wardrobe which will accommodate all the coats he wishes to hang up, and if hung on pegs on the door or wall, the coats are liable to get covered with a thick layer of dust.

In order to avoid this it is an excellent plan to have some light bags made which can be slipped over the coats when they are exposed to the dust and air.

Calico will be about the cheapest and most suitable material, and the bags should be made like a pillow-case, with one end left open. They are drawn down over the coat from the top, and the hook of the hanger on which it is stretched passes through a small aperture at the top.

The bag should be about six inches longer than the coat, so that the bottom can be turned up and secured by a couple of safety-pins if the coat is to be put by for long.

By this means the coat is kept in its proper shape and is completely protected from dust and from the light wherever it may be hung.

This plan should prove especially useful to Territorial readers, whose dress uniforms often have to be put by for weeks at a time, and, if folded, are then so creased as to take days to be restored to anything like their proper shape.

If the bag be made sufficiently large, it will, of course, be possible to put several coats into it; but on the whole, it is most satisfactory to have a bag for each coat, so that in removing one for use, you do not have to disturb all the others.

A rod along the top of your wardrobe provides an excellent means of hanging the coats.

HAT BANDS.

A custom has sprung up recently among those who are not content to dress in the same way as other people, of wearing the "bow" on the ribbon of their bowler hats at the back.

This is no doubt the result of the popularity of the green Alpine hat, in which the bow was always so worn, but what looks well on a soft "Trilby-shaped" green hat does not necessarily look well on a hard, round, black one.

I have certainly never seen an otherwise well-dressed man wearing a bowler of this kind, and I do not think it is ever likely to become really good form.

There is something French about the appearance of the flapping ends of the bow at the back, and the custom is distinctly popular among our friends on the other side of the Channel.

But while their women-folk are far and away ahead of ours in all matters pertaining to dress, in all matters of masculine attire London undoubtedly leads the world; and Paris fashions, in men's dress at least, should not sway the Briton in the slightest.

Nothing but the ordinary ribbon with the bow at the left hand side is really correct on a bowler; even the broad mourning hat-band is best restricted to the silk hat.

Price 5/9.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

Carriage Paid.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS.

It is satisfactory to have a first grade overcoat, cut by the best London tailor. You find real pleasure in wearing it.

Made in pure wool tweeds or Scotch Cheviots.

50/-

These coats are cut in the very latest style, and an accurate fit is guaranteed.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address.

Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Pair of gentleman's patent riding-boots, as new. What offers?——Box 1551, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, rainproof coat, Burberry preferred, or good macintosh, for man 5ft. 11in. high, chest 40in., quality good, new condition, colour dark; price moderate.—Box 1552, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair gentleman's first-class calf shooting-boots, new, hand-made, eights. Value 28s.; sell 18s. Exchange old china.—Box 1559, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's white shirts, brand new, three; best quality. What offers?—Box 1553, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's good quality lounge suit, stylish, dark, chest 39in., waist 34in., inside leg 31in., outside sleeve 24½in.—Box 1554, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Officer's dress boots, with trees, not been used, size eights; cost 6 guineas, 30s. for cash.—Box 1555, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Bagatelle board, folding, with rubber cushions, cues, and balls, in good condition, 7ft.; cost 75s. 6d., accept 35s.—Box 1556, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, heavy dumb-bell.—Box 1557, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two pairs boxing gloves, been repaired; 5s. 6d., exchange three pairs wild rabbits, carriage paid.—Box 1558, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

What Offers? Inch's £2 2s. Health Course, complete, with expander.—Buffery, 146, Other Road, Redditch.

Billiard table; 6ft. by 3ft. and cover, ivory balls, all accessories; no reasonable offer refused—Box 1560, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For billiard tables, see Riley's advertisement, page 19.

MUSIC.

For sale, powerful melodeon; almost new, grand organ tone, 4 stops; price 8s.—Box 1561, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bass clarionet, must be perfect.—Box 1562, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fine-toned 5-string zither banjo, by Temlett, in good condition, cost £6, with leather case; accept 50s.—Box 1563, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a good cornet. Give full particulars.—Box 1564, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Norwood.—Comfortable home offered gentleman or two friends if willing to share large bedroom; good locality; close to Norwood Junction Station; bath (h. and c.); piano.—Write in first case Box 1565, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Four Professor Holloway's patent 120-chick rearers, half price, single or together; also rolls 5ft. combination netting.—Box 1566, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, Hearson's Champion incubator, 100-egg size, in working order, only selling for smaller size; only £4 10s., carriage paid.—Box 1567, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL.

Self-Shaving Paste.—Removes the strongest beard without a razor; simply rubbed on. Formula, P.O. 1/1, Charles, 20, Monastery Street, Canterbury.

Dr. Carter's Embrocation is invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes; sample 3 penny stamps only.—Send at once to the Model Homes, Ltd., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.

DOGS.

Bulldog for sale, two years, remarkably fine typical specimen, short face, rose ears, smallest of crank tails, champion pedigree, splendid guard and companion; price 70s.—Box 1568, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pure-bred dog, mastiff, large and powerful, must be good guard, used to indoors, age 18 months, upwards. Photograph or approval.—Box 1569, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, young sheepdog, thoroughly broken, for ewe flock, good-tempered, but full of pluck, not afraid of dirt. On approval.—Box 1570, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Flat-coated retriever dog, parents prize winners, well broken, age 2 years and 6 months, good nose, splendid water dog, and good worker; price £3.—Box 1571, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

First grade Sunbeam gent.'s cycle; very little used; all accessories, £7.—Box 1550, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Dursley-Pedersen bicycle, 2-speed, good condition; going abroad; accept £3.—Box 1572, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Century or Fifax paraffin bicycle lamp; latest make.—Box 1573, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, business encyclopædia, 7 vols, good condition, 17s. offered; also business handbooks.—Box 1574, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Offers wanted, 2 vols. "Nansen's Farthest North" (Newnes', Ltd.); "Last Earls of Barrymore" (Sampson Low), beautifully bound, as new.—Box 1575, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Encyclopædia Britannica," 23 vols., cloth binding, good condition, with revolving oak case. Cash offer only.—Box 1576, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Business Encyclopædia, good condition; cash.—Box 1577, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cassell's Popular Educator, 6 vols, bound in 3; Waverley Novels, 5 vols; the Business Encyclopædia, 6 vols; low offer accepted; also about 100 other books, all in good condition.—Box 1578, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

¼-plate camera, double extension, rising front, swing back, good lens, time and instantaneous shutter, complete with tripod, turntable, three double dark slides; exchange for good collection of stamps.—Box 1579, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Will exchange 25s. ¼ hand camera for roller skates, ball bearing; letters only.—Box 1580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, mahogany Studio camera, leather bellows, repeating back, will take photos., Midgets to ½ plate, short focus lens, heavy mahogany stand, three backs, and six dark slides; no reasonable offer refused.—Box 1581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Accurate horoscope, and year's events; send birthdate, sixpenny P.O. and stamps.—Prof. Libra, North Road, Cardiff.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/6,

with 7 blades, in beautiful case complete, 1s. 6d., post free, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Blick typewriter, No. 7, on stand, portable oak case, perfect working order, cost £11 11s.—Box 1582, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Snuffbox, horn, tortoiseshell, pearl, and silver pique, old, nice; 25s. or offers.—Box 1583, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rare stamps wanted, in fine condition.—Box 1584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Remington brief typewriter, in splendid condition; £8, or near offer.—Box 1585, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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